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WHAT THEN?

By Rabindranath Tagore.

The flesh is impure, the world is vanity, therefore renunciation in the shape of self-mortification is necessary for salvation, —this was the ideal of spiritual life held forth in medieval Europe. Modern Europe, however, considers it unwholesome to acknowledge an everlasting feud between the human world of natural desires and social aims on the one hand, and the spiritual life with its discipline and aspiration on the other. According to her, we enfeeble the moral purpose of our existence if we put too much emphasis on the illusoriness of this world. To drop down dead in the race course of life, while running at full speed, is acclaimed by her to be the most glorious death.

It may be that Europe has gained a certain strength by pinning its faith on the world, by refusing to dwell on its evanescence, on the certainty of death,—condemning the opposite frame of mind as morbid. Her children are, perhaps, thereby trained to be more efficient in competition, to gain the victory in the struggle which, in their view, represents the whole of life. But, whatever may be the practical effect of leading *this life* as if its connection with the world were interminable,—that is not a fact.

Doubtless Nature, for its own biological purposes, has created in us a strong faith in life, by keeping us unmindful of death. Nevertheless, not only our physical existence, but also the environment which it builds up around itself, desert us in the moment of triumph. The greatest prosperity comes to its

end, dissolving into emptiness; the mightiest empire is overtaken by stupor amidst the flicker of its festival lights. All this is none the less true because its truism bores us to be reminded of it.

And yet, it is equally true that, though all our mortal relationships have their end, we cannot ignore them with impunity while they last. If we behave as if they do not exist, merely because they will not persist, they will all the same exact their dues, with a great deal over by way of penalty. We cannot claim exemption from payment of fare because the railway train has not the permanence of the dwelling house. Trying to ignore bonds that are real, albeit temporary, only strengthens and prolongs their bondage.

That is why the spirit of attachment and that of detachment have to be reconciled in harmony, and then only will they lead us to reality. Attachment is the force which draws us to the truth in its finite aspect, its aspect of manifestation; while detachment leads us to freedom in the infinity of truth which is its ideal aspect. According to the symbolism of Indian thought, Shiva, the male principle of truth, represents the spirit of freedom, while Shivání, its female principle, represents the spirit of manifestation. In their union dwells the ideal of perfection.

In order to achieve the reconcilation of these opposites, we must first come to a true understanding of man; that is to say, we must not cut him down to the requirements of any particular purpose. To look on trees only as firewood, is not to know the tree in its completeness. Similarly, to look on man merely as the protector of his country, or the producer of its wealth, is to reduce him to soldier or merchant, to make his efficiency as such to be the measure of his manhood. Not only is such view limited, it is destructive. And those whom we would thus glorify are but assisted to a rocket-like descent.

How India once looked on man as greater than any purpose he could serve, is shown by this well-known couplet of Chánakya:

Tyajedekam kulasyárthe, grámasyárthe kulam tyajet;
Grámam janapadasyárthe, átmárthe prithivím tyajet.

For the family sacrifice the individual, for the community the family, for the country the community, for the soul all the world.

In other words, we must first realise man's soul as separate from and greater than all worldly considerations, and then we shall be in a position to recognise his true relations to country, community and family, his true place in the different affairs of the world.

That was what had been achieved in India. Our sages had realised the soul of man as something very great indeed. They saw no end to his dignity, which found its consummation in Brahma Himself. Any limited view of man would therefore be a false view. He could not be merely Citizen or Patriot, for neither City nor Country, nor for the matter of that the bubble called the World, could contain his eternal soul.

Bhartrihari, who was once a king, has said :

Prápták sakalakámadughástam kim,
Nyastam padam shirasi vidvishatam tatah kim;
Sampáditám pranayino vibhavaistatah kim,
Kalpasthitástanubhritám tanavastatah kim?

What if you have secured the fountain-head of all desires,—Lakshmi herself ; what if you have put your foot on the neck of your enemy, or by your good fortune gathered friends around you ; what, even, if you have succeeded in keeping mortal bodies alive for ages,—what then?

That is to say, man is greater than all these objects of his desire. You can only intelligently direct man's life towards its perfection if you remember that greatest truth of him which courses from infinite to infinite, without beginning and without end.

It was in this amplitude of their vision of man that our ancient sages differed from the European monks of the middle ages, whereby they arrived at a correspondingly different standard of the value of man's life. The sages of India did not consider strenuousness of effort, up to the very end, to be a matter for glorification. Work was not the be all and end all with them, their aim was, rather, to come to the end of all work. They had no doubt that the liberation of man's soul was the one object of man's quest.

Europe is incessantly singing paeans to Freedom, which to her means freedom to acquire, freedom to enjoy, freedom to work. This freedom is by no means a small thing, and much toil and care are required to maintain it in this world. Yet our sages of old did not find their satisfaction in it, still questioning: *What then?* This freedom was no freedom to them. India wanted freedom even from desire and from work.

In the process of attaining freedom one must bind his will in order to save its forces from distraction and wastage, so as to gain for it the velocity which comes from the bondage itself. Those who seek liberty in a purely political plane must constantly curtail it and reduce their freedom of thought and action to that narrow limit which is necessary for making political liberty secure, very often at the cost of liberty of conscience.

Are the soldiers of England freemen, or are they not merely living guns? And what of the toilers in her mines and factories,—mere appendages of the machines they work,—who assist with their life's blood to paint red the map of England's Empire? How few are the Englishmen who really participate in this political freedom of theirs? Europe may have preached and striven for individualism, but where else in the world is the individual so much of a slave?

The only reply to this is the paradox to which I have already referred. Freedom can only be attained through bonds; it is a profit which can only be gained if you lay out a commensurate capital of bondage.

Individualism was also the object of India's quest,—not of this restricted kind, however, for it stretched up towards perfect emancipation,—so it tried to gain this larger individual freedom through every detail of life, every relation of family and society. And as in Europe her ideal of freedom has manifested itself in the full rigour of mechanical and military bonds, so the ideal of India found its expression in the hard and fast regulation of the most intimate details of the daily life. If we fail to see the ideal behind, and focus our view on its external manifestations alone, then indeed in India individual liberty appears most thoroughly fettered.

The fact of the matter is, that when in any country degeneration sets in, the important thing is lost sight of and its place occupied by the rubbishy details which have accumulated round it. The bird flies away and the empty cage is left. That is what has happened in our country. We still submit to the bondage of all kinds of social restrictions, but the freedom, the salvation which was the object, is no longer in our view, or in our thoughts, or in our efforts. We have forgotten the ideal, we have lost all sense of the grandeur of our striving,—what remains is the impotence of blind habit. So that if now the looker-on should come to the conclusion that the social system of India is only a device for keeping down its people by meaningless injunctions and prohibitions, we may get angry, but will find it difficult to give an effective contradiction.

It is not my object to lament our downfall. What I wish to point out is, that India had originally accepted the bonds of her social system in order to transcend society, as the rider puts reins on his horse and stirrups on his own feet in order to ensure greater speed towards his goal. India knew that society was not the ultimate end, the final refuge of man, but only the means of of leading him to his liberation. And if her bonds were even more severe than those which Europe has imposed on herself, that was because an even greater Freedom was in contemplation. Her present plight only shows that the deeper the lake, the more cavernous is its hollow when it has dried up.

The reconciliation of these opposite aspects of bondage and freedom, of the means and the end, is thus referred to in the Ishopanishad :

Andham tamah pravishanti ye avidyámupásate,
Tato bhuya iva te tamo ya u vidyayám ratáh,
Vidyánchávi dyáncha yastadvedabhayam saha,
Avidyayá mrityum tirtvá vidyayámamritamasnute.

In darkness are they who worship only the world, but in greater darkness they who worship the Infinite alone. He, who accepts both, saves himself from death by the knowledge of the former, and by that of the latter attains immortality.

That is to say, we must first have our fulness of world-life before we can attain the Infinite. Desire must be yoked to work for the purpose of transcending both desire and work, and then only can union with Brahma be thought of. The mere renunciation of the world does not entitle to immortality.

Kurvanneveha karmáni jijívishet shatam samah,
Evam tvayi mányatheto'sti na karma lipyate nare.

In work must thou desire to live a hundred years. O man! no other way is open to thee except through work.

A full life with full work can alone fulfil the destiny of man. When his wordly life is thus perfected, it comes to its natural end, and the fetters of work are loosened and drop off. As a help to view life and life's ending in this simple, natural way, the Ishopanishad asks us to remember that

Ishávásyamidam sarvam yat kincha jagatyám jagat,
Tena tyaktena bhunjíthá má gridhah kasyasviddhanam.

All that is in this world is enveloped by God. Enjoy that which He gives you. Covet not the wealth of others.

The poison of the worldly life is neutralised as soon as we realise that it is enveloped by God. Its pettiness is relieved. Its bonds do not get a grip on us. And no room for snatching or grabbing is left, once we know all enjoyment as the gift of God. This elevation of work and enjoyment by linking them with Brahma, is the origin of the Indian social system. It is thus that India tried to liberate the human soul.

In Europe we see only two divisions of man's worldly life, —the period of training, and that of work. In work it ends. But work is a process and cannot really be the end of anything; it must have some gain, some achievement, as its object. And yet Europe has omitted to put before man any definite goal in which his work may find its natural termination and gain its rest. To acquisition, whether of material or of knowledge, there is no limit. And the European idea of civilisation puts all its emphasis on the progress of this cumulative acquisition, forgetting that the best contribution which each individual can make to the progressive life of humanity is in the perfection of

his own life. So their end comes in the middle of things; there is no game, but only the chase.

We, also, say that the desire is not exhausted, but rather increases, with the getting. How then is one to come to the end of work? The reply that India of old gave was, that there is an exception to this general rule, that there *is* a plane wherein getting does arrive at its terminus, whereto if we strive to attain, our work shall come to an end, and rest be ours. The Universe cannot be so madly conceived that desire should be an interminable song with no finale. And just as it is painful to stop in the middle of the tune, it should be as pleasant to reach its final cadence.

India has not advised us to come to a sudden stop while work is in full swing. It is true that the unending procession of the world has gone on, through its ups and downs, from the beginning of creation till to-day; but it is equally obvious that each individual's connection therewith *does* get finished. Must he necessarily quit it without any sense of fulfilment? Had that been so, he would have been unforunate indeed!

So, in the divisions of man's world life which we had in India, work came in the middle, and freedom at the end. As the day is divided into morning, noon, afternoon and evening so India had divided man's life into four parts, following the requirements of his nature. The day has the waxing and waning of its light, so has man of his bodily powers; and, acknowledging this, India gave a connected meaning to his life from start to finish.

First came *brahmacharyá,* the period of education; then *gárhasthya,* that of the world's work; then *vánaprasthya,* the retreat for the loosening of bonds; and finally *pravrajyá,* the expectant awaiting of freedom through death.

Nowadays we have came to look upon life as a conflict with death,—the intruding enemy, not the natural ending,—in impotent quarrel with which we spend every stage of it. When the time comes for youth to depart, we would hold it back by main force. When the fervour of desire slackens, we would revive it with fresh fuel of our own devising. When our sense

organs weaken, we urge them to keep up their efforts. Even when our grip has relaxed we are reluctant to give up possession.

We fain would ignore all the rest of our life except only its morning and noon. And when at last sheer *vis major* compels us to acknowledge its afternoon and evening, we are either in a rebellious, or in a despairing frame of mind, and so unable to make due use of them. We are not trained to recognise the inevitable as natural, and so cannot give up gracefully that which has to go, but needs must wait till it is snatched from us. The truth comes as conqueror only because we have lost the art of receiving it as guest.

The stem of the ripening fruit becomes loose, its pulp soft, but its seed hardens with provision for the next life. Our outward losses, due to age, have likewise corresponding inward gains. But, in man's inner life, his will plays a dominant part, so that these gains depend on his own disciplined striving; that is why, in the case of undisciplined man, who has omitted to secure such provision for the next stage, it is so often seen that his hair is gray, his mouth toothless, his muscles slack, and yet his stem-hold on life has refused to let go its grip, so much so that he is anxious to exercise his will in regard to worldly details even after death. This kind of forcefulness is coming to be regarded, even in our country, as something to be proud of; but what is there so glorious in it?

Renounce we must, and through renunciation gain,—that is the truth of the inner world.

The flower must shed its petals for the sake of fruition, the fruit must drop off for the re-birth of the tree. The child leaves the refuge of the womb in order to achieve the further growth of body and mind in which consists the whole of the child life; next, the soul has to come out of this self-contained stage into the fuller life, which has varied relations with kinsman and neighbour, together with whom it forms a larger body; lastly comes the decline of the body, the weakening of desire, and, enriched with its experiences, the soul now leaves the narrower life for the universal life, to which it dedicates its accumulated wisdom on the one hand and, on the other, itself

enters into relations with the Life Eternal; so that, when finally the decaying body has come to the very end of its tether, the soul views its breaking away quite simply and without regret, in the expectation of its own re-birth into the Infinite.

From individual body to community, from community to universe, from universe to Infinity,—this is the soul's normal progress.

Our sages, therefore, keeping in mind the goal of this progress, did not, in life's first stage of education, prescribe merely the learning of books or things, but *brahmacharyá,* the living in discipline, whereby both enjoyment and its renunciation would come equally easy to the strengthened character. Life being a pilgrimage, with liberation in Brahma as its object, the living of it was as a spiritual exercise to be carried through its different stages, humbly, reverently and vigilantly. And the pupil, from his very initiation, had this final consummation kept in his view.

The series of adjustments between within and without, which constitute the physical life, have become automatic; but in the case of man, his mind comes in as a disturbing factor which is still in the stage of conscious experimentation and which therefore may involve him in endless trouble before its activities can be attuned to universal law. For instance, the body may have come to the end of its requirement of food for the time, whereas the mind will not have it so, but, seeking to prolong the enjoyment of its satisfaction, even beyond actual need, spurs on the tongue and the stomach to greater efforts, thus upsetting age-long adjustments and creating widely ramified sorrow in the process of the superfluous effort required for procuring needless material.

Once the mind refuses to be bound by actual requirements, there ceases to be any reason why it should cry halt at any particular limit, and so, like trying to extinguish fire with oil, its acquisitions only make its desires blaze up all the fiercer. That is why it is so essential to habituate the mind, from the very beginning, to be conscious of, and desirous of keeping within, the natural limits; in other words, to attune itself to the universal

nature, so that, with every liberty to play its own varied tunes, it may learn to avoid discord with the Good and True.

After the period of such education comes the period of world-life. Manu tells us that

Natathaitáni shakyante sanniyantumasevayá,
Vishayeshu prajushtáni yathá jñánena nityashah.

It is not possible to discipline ourselves so effectively if out of touch with the world, as while pursuing the world life with wisdom.

That is to say, wisdom does not attain completeness except through the living of life; and discipline divorced from wisdom is not true discipline, but merely the meaningless following of custom, which is only a veil for ignorance.

Work, especially good work, becomes easy, only when desire has learnt to discipline itself. Then alone does the householders' state become a centre of welfare for all the world, and instead of being an obstacle, helps on the final liberation. Then can the householder dedicate all his activities to Brahma and rejoice in so doing. When all his work is good work, its bondage cannot prove galling and will easily be loosened in due time and fall away from the worker.

The second stage of life having been thus spent, the decline of the bodily powers must be taken as a warning that it is coming to its natural end. This must not be taken dismally as a notice of dismissal to one still eager to stick to his post, but joyfully as the news of promotion to higher duties.

The field for the exercise of bodily strength, of alert senses and keen desires, must now be left behind. The crops that were raised thereon have been harvested and garnered and done with. Now it is evening, the time to leave the enclosure of labour for the open road; to set out for home, where peace awaits us. Have we not been toiling and moiling through the live-long day for this very home,—the Home which is greatness itself, the abode of joy? From that joy did we come, to that joy shall we now return. If that be not so, what then have we been sweating for, *what then*?

After the infant leaves the womb, it still has to remain close to its mother for a time, remaining attached in spite of its

detachment, until it can adapt itself to its new freedom. Such is the case in the third stage of life, when man though aloof from the world still remains in touch with it, while preparing himself for the final stage of complete freedom. He still gives to the world of his store of wisdom and accepts its support, but this interchange is not of the same intimate character as in the stage of the householder, there being a new sense of distance.

Then at last comes a day when even such free relations have their end, and the emancipated soul steps out of all bonds to face the Supreme Soul. Having fulfilled the demands of all worldly relations, he must now prepare for the gain of new relations with the Infinite. Just as a good housewife, while dealing with diverse men and things in the course of her duties, is after all doing the work of her husband's household all the time, acknowledging at every step her relationship with him, yet, at the end of the day, she puts aside all such work, performs her toilet afresh and, thus purified and rejoicing, betakes herself alone with her husband to the privacy of their own particular chamber, so does the soul, whose world-work is done, put away all finite matters and come all alone to its communion with its Beloved, finding in that consummation the perfection of its own life.

Only in this way can man's world-life be truly lived from one end of it to the other, without being engaged at every step in trying conclusions with death, nor being overcome, when death comes in due course, as by a conquering enemy.

For, this four-fold way of India attunes the life of man to the grand harmony of the universe, leaving no room for untrained desires to forget their simple relations therewith and to pursue their destructive career unchecked, but leading them on to their ultimate relations with the Supreme. Whatever other end we may place before ourselves,—Patriotism, Philanthrophy, however big the name,—it can never lead us to finality, but will leave us in the lurch suddenly, in the midst of our activities, with the question ringing in our ears : *What then, what then?*

I feel that the doubt may arise here : how far is it possible so to mould the whole people of any country ? To which I would reply that when we talk of lighting a lamp, we do not mean

setting fire to the whole of it from stand upwards. When the wick is ablaze at its tip, the whole lamp is said to be alight. Whatever may be the ideal of the righteous life, it finds luminous expression only in the topmost few. If in any country even a small number of its people succeed in realising an ideal, that is a gain for the whole of it. If ever the day comes in India when her leading men hold aloft the highest Truth and highest Good above all other considerations, and regulate their own lives accordingly, then they will give a special direction, a special power to the efforts of all her people.

There was a day when the Rishis of India were leading such disciplined, purposeful lives, in communion with the Supreme, and their spirit was to be seen at work, not only in the religion, but in the state-craft, the warfare, the commerce, the literature and art, of their time. Not only did Maitreyí say, but the whole country was saying with her :

Yenáham námrita syám kimaham tena kuryám!

What have I to do with these, which are not of immortality?

If we believe that this protest has been utterly silenced in our country, then indeed a complete submission to and slavish imitation of the conquering foreignor would be the only recourse left to us,—far better success even in that than to be labouring under the perpetual futility of attempting to bring the dead to life!

But that is just what we do not feel and cannot admit. However dire may be the outward degeneration which has overtaken us, there is an inmost core still alive within us, which refuses to acknowledge anything less than the Supreme as the highest gain. Even now when any great soul strikes a higher note, our whole being responds, and no lesser consideration of expediency can stop it from so doing. However we may appear to vie with one another in our outward display of loyalty to Mammon, our real soul is never completely led away thereby.

Now-a-days, on occasions of festivity, we have acquired the habit of adding a foreign brass band to the usual set of festive pipes, thereby creating a horrible confusion of sound. Nevertheless, the plaintive note of our real yearning may yet be dis-

cerned by the sensitive ear, through all its clash and clang. The glamour of European civilisation has captivated our eyes, and our great ambition is to imitate it, as best we can, in our own feeble way. But while, in the public part of our homes, the foreign big drum and blatant trumpet proclaim the pride of wealth and the competition of fashion, those who are in touch with the privacy of our inner life, know that this hideous din does not penetrate there, to drown the auspicious conch-blasts which voice the true festivity in the depths of our heart. However vociferously we may preach the efficacy of European state-craft and social customs and business methods, these cannot fill our hearts,—they rather hurt the ideal of the Highest which is still alive within us, and our soul cries out against them.

We were not always this kind of a market crowd, jostling and elbowing one another so vulgarly, quarreling over privileges and titles, advertising our own worth in bigger and bigger type. The whole thing is sheer imitation and mostly sham. It has no redeeming features of courtesy or gracefulness. But, before this age of make-believe overtook us, we had an inherent dignity of our own, which was not impaired by plain living or poverty. This was for us like a congenital armour which used to protect us against all the insults and trials of our political subjection. But this natural protection has been wheedled away from us, leaving us defenceless and ashamed. Dignity has now become an outside thing which we must bolster up by outward show. As we no longer reckon inward satisfaction to be the fulness of wealth, we have to hunt for its paraphernalia in foreign shops, and never can gather together enough of them. And the unmeaning excitement of this pursuit, which we have come to look upon as the only happiness, has made us, who were once only in partial subjection, to become slaves of the foreigner all over.

But, in spite of all this, I say that it has not worked its way into the core of our being. It is yet of the outside and therefore, perhaps, so excessively obvious. Just because we have *not* become really used to our new acquisitions do we make so much of a turmoil about them, like the exaggerated movements of the inexpert swimmer.

I still feel sure that if one who is worthy stands before us and proclaims that this insane competition, this ephemeral wealth, this aimless excitement, is not the best for us; that each set of activities have their natural termination; that in the perfection of the ending must be our ultimate fulfilment; and that short of the Supreme all else is but petty and futile,—then, even through the clamour of the market place, such message cannot fail to reach our heart. "True! True!" it will respond at once. "Never was anything truer!" Then our school-learnt lessons, on the profits of insensate competition and the glories of blood-stained nationalism, will drop out of our minds and the glitter of armies and the glamour of navies cease to fascinate us.

Moreover, I cannot at all admit that what is good, is good for us alone. It is never true that we must take refuge in meekness because we are weak, or that we want righteousness only as a convenient cloak for hiding our poverty! The ideal held up high by our sages of old was not meant for a particular people, peculiarly situated. It was realised and announced as a truth good for all places and times, and so, in our heart of hearts, we still believe it to be.

To prepare during adolescence, in a spirit of reverence and by a life of discipline, for the world-life in which the soul is to attain maturity amidst the performance of good works; to achieve in the larger life of the third stage the loosening of its worldly bonds so as to qualify the soul for the joy of passing through the portals of death to its freedom,—only through such regulation can human life attain to consistency and fulness of meaning.

If we really believe this, then we must also recognise that each and every people must strive to realise it, overcoming their respective obstacles in their own way, if they would be true to themselves. If they would really live, then everything else,—the luxury of individual riches, the might of nations,—must be counted as subordinate. The soul of man must triumph and liberate itself, if man's incessant endeavour during all these ages is to attain its fulfilment.

If that is not to be, *what then, what then, what then?*

WHIFFS OF FAR-EASTERN FRAGRANCE

FROM OKAKURA'S *BOOK OF TEA.*

[On the occasion of our President's journey to the Further East, on an invitation from China, our thoughts cannot but turn to Okakura Kakuzo, of the Land of the Rising Sun, to whose subtle unobtrusive influence our awakening of twenty year's ago was so vitally indebted, and whose dearest dream was this renewal of intimate relations between the members of the Asiatic family of peoples. To his memory we offer here a few of his own flowers, dedicated to the Visva-bharati Ideal that was to be.—*Ed.*]

We Asiatics are appalled by the curious web of facts and fancies which has been woven concerning us. We are pictured as living on the perfume of the lotus, if not on mice and cockroaches. Indian spirituality has been derided as ignorance, Chinese sobriety as stupidity, Japanese patriotism as the result of fatalism.

Why not amuse yourselves at our expense? Asia returns the compliment. There would be further food for merriment if you knew all that we have imagined and written about you. You have been loaded with virtues too refined to be envied, and accused of crimes too picturesque to be condemned. Our wise men, who knew, informed us that you had bushy tails somewhere hidden in your garments, and often dined off a fricasée of newborn babes! Nay, we had something worse against you: we used to think you the most impracticable people on the earth, for you were said to preach what you never practised.

* * *

The beginning of the twentieth century would have been spared the spectacle of sanguinary warfare if Russia had condescended to know Japan better. What dire consequences to humanity lie in this contemptuous ignoring of eastern problems! European Imperialism, which does not disdain to raise the absurd cry of the Yellow Peril, fails to realise that Asia may also waken to a cruel sense of the White Disaster. Let us stop the continents from hurling epigrams at each other, and be sadder, if not wiser, by the mutual gain of half a hemisphere.

Strangely enough, humanity has so far met in the tea-cup. It is the only Asiatic ceremonial which commands universal esteem. The white man has scoffed at our religion and our morals but has accepted the brown beverage without hesitation. The afternoon tea is now an important function in western Society. In the delicate clatter of trays and saucers, in the soft rustle of feminine hospitality, in the common catechism about cream and sugar, we know that the worship of Tea is established. The philosophic resignation of the guest to the fate awaiting him in the dubious decoction proclaims that in this single instance the Oriental spirit reigns supreme.

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The heaven of modern humanity is indeed shattered in the Cyclopean struggle for wealth and power. The world is groping in the shadow of egotism and vulgarity. Knowledge is bought through a bad conscience, benevolence practised for the sake of utility. The East and the West, like two dragons tossed in a sea of ferment, in vain strive to regain the jewel of life. We await the great Avatar to repair the grand devastation. Meanwhile, let us have a sip of tea. The afternoon glow is brightening the bamboos, the fountains are bubbling with delight, the soughing of the pines is heard in our kettle. Let us dream of evanescence, and linger in the beautiful foolishness of things.

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Translation is always a treason, and as a Ming author observes, can at its best be only the reverse side of a brocade,—all the threads are there, but not the subtlety of colour or design. After all, what great doctrine is there which is easy to expound? The ancient sages never put their teachings in systematic form. They spoke in paradoxes, for they were afraid of uttering half-truths. They began by talking like fools and ended by making their hearers wise.

* * *

People are not taught to be really virtuous, but to behave properly. We are wicked because we are frightfully self-conscious. We never forgive others because we know that we ourselves are in the wrong. We nurse a conscience because we

are afraid to tell the truth to others: we take refuge in pride because we are afraid to tell the truth to ourselves. How can one be serious with the world when the world itself is so ridiculous? The spirit of barter is everywhere. Honour and Chastity! Behold the complacent salesman retailing the Good and the True. One can even buy a so-called Religion, which is really but common morality sanctified with flowers and music. Rob the Church of her accessories and what remains behind? Yet the trusts thrive marvellously, for the prices are absurdly cheap,—a prayer for a ticket to heaven, a diploma for an honorable citizenship. Hide yourself under a bushel quickly, for, if your real usefulness were known to the world, you would soon be knocked down to the highest bidder.

* * *

The chief contribution of Taoism to Asiatic life has been in the realm of aesthetics. Chinese historians have always spoken of Taoism as the "art of being in the world," for it deals with the present—ourselves.

It is in us that God meets with Nature, and yesterday parts from to-morrow. The Present is the moving Infinity, the legitimate sphere of the Relative. Relativity seeks adjustment; adjustment is Art. The art of life lies in a constant readjustment to our surroundings.

Taoism accepts the mundane as it is and, unlike the Confucians and the Buddhists, tries to find beauty in our world of woe and worry.

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The special contribution of Zen to Eastern thought was its recognition of the mundane as of equal importance with the spiritual. The seeker after perfection must discover in his own life the reflection of the inner light. The organisation of the Zen monastery was very significant of this point of view.

A Zen monastery differs from those of other Buddhist sects inasmuch as it is meant only to be a dwelling place for the monks. Its chapel is not a place of worship, but a college room where the students congregate for discussion and to practise meditation. To every member, except the Abbot, was assigned some special

work in the care-taking of the monastery. Such services formed a part of the Zen discipline and every least action had to be done absolutely perfectly. Thus many a weighty discussion ensued while weeding the garden, paring a turnip, or serving tea.

Taoism furnished the basis for aesthetic ideals, Zennism made them practical.

* * *

In Religion the future is behind us, in Art the present is the eternal. Art to be fully appreciated, must be true to contemporaneous life. It is not that we should ignore the claims of posterity, but that we should seek to enjoy the present more. It is not that we should disregard the creations of the past, but that we should try to assimilate them into our consciousness. Would that we loved the ancients more and copied them less!

* * *

It is greatly to be regretted that so much of the apparent enthusiasm for Art at the present day has no foundation in real feeling. In this democratic age of ours men clamour for what is popularly considered the best, regardless of their own feelings. They want the costly, not the refined; the fashionable, not the beautiful. To the masses, the contemplation of illustrated periodicals, the worthy product of their own industrialism, would give more digestible food for artistic enjoyment than the early Italians or the Ashikaga masters, whom they pretend to admire. As a Chinese critic complained many centuries ago, "People criticise a picture by their ear." It is this lack of genuine appreciation that is responsible for the pseudo-classic horrors that to-day greet us wherever we turn.

* * *

Rikiu was watching his son Shoan as he swept and watered the garden path. "Not clean enough," said Rikiu, when Shoan had finished his task, and bade him try again.

After a weary hour the son turned to Rikiu: "Father, there is nothing more to be done. The steps have been washed for the third time, the stone lanterns and the trees are well

sprinkled with water, moss and lichen are shining with a fresh verdure; not a twig, not a leaf have I left on the ground."

"Young fool," chided the father, "that is not the way a garden path should be swept." Saying this, Rikiu stepped into the garden, shook a tree and scattered over the path gold and crimson leaves, scraps of the brocade of Autumn!

* * *

The Japanese method of interior decoration differs from that of the Occident, where we see objects arranged symmetrically on mantelpieces and elsewhere. In Western houses we are often confronted with what appears to us useless re-iteration. We find it trying to talk to a man while his full-length portrait stares at us from behind his back. We wonder which is real, he of the picture or he who talks, and feel a curious conviction that one of them must be a fraud. Many a time have we sat at a festive board contemplating, with a secret shock to our digestion, the representation of abundance on the dining room walls. Why these pictured victims of chase and sport? Why the display of family plate, reminding us of those who have dined and are dead?

* * *

In the trembling grey of a spring dawn, when the birds were whispering in mysterious cadence among the trees, have you not felt that they were talking to their mates about the flowers? The primeval man in offering the first garland to his maiden thereby transcended the brute. He entered the realm of art when he perceived the subtle use of the useless.

In joy or sadness, flowers are our constant friends. We eat, drink, sing, dance and flirt with their help. We wed and christen with flowers. We dare not die without them. We have even attempted to speak in the language of flowers. How could we live without them? But sad as it is, we cannot conceal the fact that in spite of our companionship with flowers, we have not risen very far above the brute. Shrine after shrine has crumbled before our eyes; but one altar forever is preserved, that whereon we burn incense to the supreme idol,—ourselves. Our god

is great and money is his prophet. We devastate Nature in order to make sacrifice to him. What atrocities do we not perpetrate in the name of culture and refinement!

Tell me gentle flowers, teardrops of the stars, nodding your heads to the bees as they sing of the sunbeams, are you aware of the fearful doom that awaits you? Dream on, sway and frolic while you may in the gentle breezes of summer. To-morrow a ruthless hand will close around your throats. You will be wrenched asunder limb by limb and borne away from your homes. The wretch, she may be passing fair. She may say how lovely you are while her fingers are still moist with your blood. Tell me, will this be compensation?

Flowers, if you were in the land of the Mikado, you would meet a dread personage armed with scissors and a tiny saw. He would call himself a Master of Flowers. He would cut, bend, and twist you into those impossible positions which he thinks it proper that you should assume. He would contort your muscles and dislocate your bones like any osteopath. He would burn you with red-hot coals to stop your bleeding, and thrust wires into you to assist your circulation. It would be his boast that he could thus keep life within you for a week or two longer. What crimes could you have committed in your past incarnation to warrant such punishment?

The wanton waste of flowers among western communities is even more appalling. The number of flowers cut daily to adorn the ball rooms and bauquet tables of Europe and America, to be thrown away on the morrow, must be something enormous; if strung together they might garland a continent! Beside this utter waste of life the guilt of the Flower-master becomes insignificant. He at least selects his victims with careful foresight, and after death does honour to their remains. Nothing is more pitiful than to see a faded flower remorselessly flung upon a dung heap.

Insects can sting. The bird whose plumage is sought can fly from its pursuer; the furred animal whose coat you covet may hide at your approach. Alas! the only flower known to have wings is the butterfly; all the rest stand helpless before the destroyer. Have you not noticed that the wild flowers are

becoming scarcer every year? Perhaps they have migrated to heaven.

Even in the case of pot flowers we are inclined to suspect the selfishness of man. Why take plants from their homes and ask them to bloom midst strange surroundings? Is it not like asking birds to sing and mate, cooped up in cages? The ideal lover of flowers is he who visits them in their native haunts, losing himself amid their mysterious fragrance as he wanders in the twilight. It was this spirit which moved the Empress Komio, one of our most renowned Nara sovereigns, as she sang: "If I pluck thee, my hand will defile thee, O flower! Standing in the meadows as thou art, I offer thee to the Buddhas of the past, of the present, of the future".

However let us not be too sentimental. Said Laotse: "Heaven and Earth are pitiless." Said Kobodaishi: "Flow, flow, flow, the current of life is ever onward. Die, die, die, death comes to all." Destruction faces us wherever we turn. Change is the only eternal,—why not welcome Death as Life? They are but counterparts, one of the other,—the Night and Day of Brahma. Why not destroy flowers if thereby we can evolve new forms ennobling the world idea? We only ask them to join in our sacrifice to the Beautiful. Perhaps the flowers can appreciate the full significance of it. They are not cowards, like men.

Some flowers glory in death—certainly the Japanese cherry blossoms do, as they freely surrender themselves to the winds. For a moment they hover like bejewelled clouds and dance above the crystal streams; then, as they sail away on the laughing waters, they seem to say: "Farewell O Spring! We are on to Eternity!"

IN GOLD AND GREY

By HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA.

Grey squirrels on their boughs, pink water-cranes
Along the water's edge, white-coated sheep
Upon a hill, blue peacocks in the rains
Are born between God's waking and our sleep.

The outcaste driven from his parents' doors,
Men toiling like dumb beasts, and babes who weep,
The ragged beggar, women turned to whores
Are born between our waking and God's sleep.

OUR ELDER BROTHERS, THE KOL PEOPLE

By Suniti Kumar Chatterji.

The languages of India belong to four great linguistic families—Indo-Aryan or Aryan, Dravidian, Austric (Kol and Mon-Khmer), and Tibeto-Chinese. It is not necessary to discuss the Aryan and the Dravidian languages. Since the dawn of history, these have been the speeches of civilisation in India, and as such have been studied from very ancient times—the oldest extant literary remains of Aryan the Vedic hymns, going back to c. 1,200 B.C. at the latest, and those of Dravidian, the oldest Tamil compositions, dating from about the second century after Christ.

The Aryan speech is accepted almost on all hands to have been introduced into India from beyond the north-western frontier. About the Dravidian, opinion is divided, but most scholars regard it also as being originally extra-Indian, having been brought to India in pre-historic times, before the advent of the Aryans.

The Tibeto-Chinese languages, which are spoken in the north-east of India, fall into two groups, Tibeto-Burman (including Tibetan and dialects, the various Sub-Himalayan speeches, the dialects of the Bodo group in North-eastern and Sastern Bengal, the various groups of Assam and Burma frontier speeches, and Burmese), and Siamese-Chinese (of which group one language, Ahom, was introduced into India in 1228 when the Tai or Shan people from North-eastern Burma conquered Assam, and this speech is now almost entirely extinct.)

The original homeland of Tibeto-Chinese seems to have been in Western China, and Tibeto-Chinese speakers came to India through the eastern and north-eastern frontiers in very late times, compared with Dravidian and Aryan,—at a period probably not much anterior to Christ. There remain the languages of the Austric family, namely, the Kol languages (like Santali, Mundari, Kurdu, Gadaba, Savara and Juang), and Khasi ; these, now spoken by less than 3.5 millions (Kol about

3.2 millions, and Khasi, nearly .18 millions), alone have a right to be regarded as representatives of the autochthonous language-family of India.

* * *

The Kol people at present are confined to a comparatively limited tract, in Central India and Eastern India, in the Central Provinces, in Chota Nagpur, in Orissa and in West Bengal. At one time they were spread all over Northern India, and may be in Southern India as well. Traces of a Kol substratum have been found in some of the Tibeto-Chinese speeches of the Sub-Himalayan tracts, in the so-called 'pronominalised languages' like Kanawari and Darmiya, Khambu and Dhimal. These dialects look like being Tibeto-Burman modified by original Kol speakers who have adopted it.

Then, there is the language called Burushaski, which is spoken to the north-west of Kashmir, in the districts of Yasin and Hunza-Nagpur; this language is a puzzle, and it has not yet been possible to affiliate it to any known family of speech. But a recent theory about Burushaski is that it is connected with Kol; which theory, if proved, would seem to extend the vista of Kol, or of Primitive Kol, further beyond the Sub-Himalayan limits.

Kol traditions have dim memories of a period of Kol settlement and rule in Northern India and isolated tribes like the Cheros of South-eastern United Provinces were originally Kol speaks. The Bhil people of Rajputana and Khandesh, now speaking dialects of the Aryan Rajasthani, are in all probability of Kol race; and the 'Kolis' are another aboriginal tribe in these tracts. The Kol area thus extended to Gujrat in the West.

* * *

The Aryans, when they first came in touch with the aboriginal Kols seem to have called them *Nishádas*. After the establishment of the Aryans in the Gangetic plain, most of the Kols were Aryanised, and became transformed into the lower orders of Hindu society, and so lost their separate linguistic and cultural identity. Those who retreated into the hills and forests, and kept up their primitive ways, continued to be called

wild men' (Nisháda, Sabara, Pulinda, etc.) by the Aryan; and with increased knowledge of their life and manners, on the part of the Aryan speakers, the names Bhilla and Kolla (*cf. hor, ho, koro*-man, in the various Kol dialects) came to be given to them, probably by the middle of the first millennium after Christ. From these Middle Indo-Aryan words, our New Indo-Aryan terms Bhil and Kol are derived.

As numbers of Kol speakers became Aryanised, it is natural to expect that some of their words and their habits of thinking would be introduced into the new language of their adoption, and a few of these would persist even to the present. That a similar thing happened with regard to Dravidian has become one of the commonest hypotheses in Indo-Aryan linguistics*. The habit of counting by twenties, so persistent in Bengal, Bihar and the Upper Gangetic plain, is probably to be traced to the influence of Kol, in which the highest unit of computation is twenty. Some peculiarities of the Bihari (Maithili and Maghai) verbal forms are also perhaps due to Kol.

* * *

Unfortunately, there was not much curiosity felt in ancient times about the language of foreign or barbarous peoples, although their peculiar ways often attracted men. If a few old Dravidian or Kol sentences or words were preserved as such in some early Sanskrit text, how very precious they would have been for the student of language! Kumarila Bhatta in the 7th century A. C., in his 'Tantra-várttika' quoted casually a few

*A French scholar has recently shown (J. Przyluski in the 'Memoires de la Société de Linguistique,' Paris, Vols. 22 and 24) that the Sanskrit words *kadali*, plantain; *kambala*, blanket; *sarkara*, sugar, and the group of words *linga, langula, langala, laguda, lakuta*, are in origin Kol words. It has also been suggested (by Prof. Jules Bloch of Paris, in a private communication) that the word *mayura*, peacock, is Kol, rather that Dravidian; and *tambula*, betel leaf, 'as M. Przyluski' told me, seems also to be Kol; the root of the word is probably to be found in Khasi *bal* betel leaf; *cf.* Bengali *bar-ai, bar-ui*, cultivator of the betel vine. The word *utpala*, lotus' seems to be Kol as well (*cf.* Mundari *upal-ba*, floating flower). The Aryan name of the mohwa tree, Skt. *madhuka*, Neo-Indo-Aryan, *mahua*, looks like being based on the Kol *madkam* or *ma(n)dukam*. There must be many more words, which are sure to be found out on investigation. Stray words in the modern Aryan languages, like Hindi *jim-na*, to eat; (*cf.* Kol *jom*); Panjabi *kuri*, a girl (*cf.* Santali *kuri*), dialectal Bengali *kamra*, buffalo, (*cf.* Ho *kera*); Hindi *chiriya, chimriya*, bird, which is usually connected with Sanskrit *chataka, sparrow* (but *cf.* Kol *cemrem*, bird); Bengali *mera*, ram (*cf.* Kol *merom*, goat); Bengali *meni*, cat (*cf.* Kurku *minu*); and possibly many more, seem to be of Kol origin.

Tamil words, apparently as they were spoken in his time; these side by side with the forms actually preserved in the old Tamil of literature and of inscriptions, have opened up a new line of argument about the phonetics of old Tamil and of primitive Dravidian. A stray Iranian word in Herodotus, or a Gallic word in some classical writer, is as valuable to the philologist as a rare coin or inscription is to the historian. For Kol, even such stray words are absent in the oldest literary remains of India, in Sanskrit.

The Kol or other non-Aryan speaker came under the spell of the superior culture of the Aryan, and he quietly gave up his own language, and accepted that of his master or civiliser. Only here and there, in place-names, in expressions not entirely ousted by Aryan, have relics of his old speech survived, and that too in a hopelessly mutilated form. And with such non-Aryan speakers as remained faithful to their old life and old speech, the language continued to have its normal development.

It was the scientific curiosity of the 19th century that first began to enquire into apparently unprofitable subjects like the customs and languages of uncultured peoples, which no one would be sorry to let die. This curiosity, of course, was brought to India by the European scholar. The Kol languages were taken up by about the middle of the last century. B. H. Hodgson first studied them, and he thought they were allied to Dravidian, a view in which he was followed by other scholars (among whom the Rev. F. Hahn is the latest, although this view has been given up by most students); and Max Muller in 1854 first dissociated the Kol languages from Dravidian, and classed them as an independent group, which he named Munda.

Munda (=Skt. *munda-ka*) means a 'head-man' and is a term of respect among the tribe known to Hindus and Europeans as Mundas and Kols, but calling themselves simply *Horoko* meaning men. This tribe number barely half a million. The corresponding term of respect among the Santals, by far the larget Kol tribe (1.7 millions) is *Manjhi*, which is an Aryan word meaning 'man of the middle' (from Skt. *madhya-ka*). Kol is thus in every respect a better name than Munda: it is an accurate term, an ancient term, and a term which includes the

distant Kurkus as well : only the tribes of Orissa, the Juangs, the Gadabas and the Savaras, may not strictly be brought under Kol, as they seem to have lost the word corresponding to the Santal *hor* : but their speeches show sufficient agreement with the Kol speeches to sanction their inclusion within the group.

* * *

So much for the term Kol. Meanwhile other languages of South-eastern Asia and Indonesia, as well as of the Pacific islands, both of civilised and barbarous peoples, were being studied. There is the Mon people in Burma, numbering over 220,000, new confined to a small tract round about the Gulf of Martaban, and in the part of Siam adjacent to it. The Mons differ both in race and language from the Burmese, who are now the dominant people of Burma. At one time the Mons were spread over the greater part of Burma. In the early centuries after Christ, and possibly earlier, they had received Indian culture and Indian religion Buddhism and Brahmanism, from the people of the Kalinga country, and possibly also from those of Bengal and Upper India, who used to go to Burma as merchants and adventurers, and established themselves as the dominant race there.

The ancestors of the present-day Burmese were at that time wild Tibeto-Chinese speaking tribes living to the north of Burma, and thy poured down into the valleys of the country, established themselves first in the north, and after a protracted struggle with the Mons, lasting for centuries, at last forced them to the south, put an end to their rule, and entirely absorbed them in Pegu and in South Burma generally. The Indian culture of the Mons, with its Buddhist religion and its Indian script, was taken up by the Burmans. Now, it has been found out that the Mon language, which has epigrapical and other documents some thousand years old, presents such a striking similarity with Kol, that they must both be referred to a common origin.

The Khasi language in Assam, again, is an island of alien speech in a tract in which the non-Aryan languages are all Tibeto-Burman. Khasi agrees with Kol and Mon, and is thus

apparently a link in a chain once extending from Central India to Burma, the other links in between being lost. This chain extends further to the East.

In Cambodia live the Khmers, now numbering over 1.5 millions, and their speech is a sister dialect to Mon. The Khmers were once spread over Siam; and culture, religion, legends, art and letters, everything was brought to them by settlers from India. By the 6th century A. C. the land of the Khmers, like that of the Mons had become part of a Greater India. The history of the Khmers presents a parallel to that of their cousins the Mons. Indianised in culture and religion and in general mentality, though not in language, they were overwhelmed by the Tibeto-Chinese speaking Siamese, coming down to the south like the Burmese. The Siamese forced the Khmers to Cambodia, where they are now confined; but, like the Burmese, they obtained their Buddhistic religion, their Indian culture, their writing, from the people they conquered.

In Indo-China, there are other isolated speeches, like the Palaung, the Wa, the Stieng, the Bahnar, etc., which are allied to Kol-Khasi-Mon-Khmer.

We can very well think of a period when one type of speech extended from Gujarat, the Ganges Valley, and the Himalayan slopes, through Bengal, right up to the Mekhong basin. We can imagine that about the beginning of the Christian era, and during the first five hundred years after Christ, when Indian influences were actively working among the Mons and the Khmers, all this was of the nature of civilising the Kol peoples in India itself. Aryanised Kols, welded into one people with Aryanised Dravidians from the Ganges Valley and the Central Indian tracts, undoubtedly had some share in the work of bringing civilisation to their kinsmen in Indo-China, side by side with the true Aryans, Brahmans and Kshatriyas, and mixed groups from Upper India.

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The most important Kol language, from the point of view of number and extent, is unquestionably Santali. The Rev.

Bodding thinks, in his most valuable work on the phonetics of Santali, that it is more faithful to its native Kol character than its sister-dialect Mundari, which is sometimes regarded as the purest dialect. Santali is spoken by a larger number than the Aryan Assamese, for instance, and also many other better known languages of the world. The difference between Santali and other Kol speeches is very small indeed.

The Santals were originally in Hazaribagh district, where some 5 centuries ago they and the Mundas formed one people. They are now found in the Western Bengal districts of Midnapore, Bankura, Bankura, Burdwan and Birbhum, and in the Santal Parganas, in Manbhum and in Morbhanj; and scattered communities of Santals are found elsewhere. They came within the Bengali-speaking area only very recently, mostly in the 18th and early 19th centuries. There were in West Bengal other Kol-speaking tribes, brothers and cousins of the Santals, who have long been Aryanised possibly the Suhmas and the Radhas, about whose barbaric character the Jaina texts dating from about 3rd century B. C. testify, and who have given their names to West Bengal, and have long since merged in the lower ranks of a Bengali-speaking nation.

The ancestors of Hindu castes like the Bagdis, the Bauris, the Hadis and the Doms were in all probability Kols. Some of the customs of the Hadis and Doms in and about Calcutta seem very much like Kol: witness their Cult of Bir-Káli, who is propitiated by offerings of rice-beer and sacrifice of pigs, and who is so called 'because she roams about in the forests,' as a Dom once explained to me (the Kol word for forest being *bir*). And perhaps also there was another tribe, the Chuhádas, whose name has given the Bengali word for a wild fellow, a ruffian,—*cho(h)ád*. The caste-name *Chuhád* also recalls the *Chuhras,* a sweeper caste in the Panjab.

Some of the Kol speakers, when they were of the ruling classes, even became Kshatriyas within the Hindu pale. The Santals must must have been living to the west of the Bengali or Aryanised area, and must have been known to the Bengali Hindus of pre-Moslem times, as an important border-tribe: the

very name by which the Indians (and following them the Europeans) know them means 'borderers' : *Saomtal,* from Old Bengali *Sawamta-wala,* Skt. *Samanta-pala.*

Next in importance to the Santals are the Mundas, numbering over 400,000, and the Hos, over 300,000 and allied tribes of Chota Nagpur and Central Provinces. They possess the same traditions, their religions practices and beliefs are the same, and their ways of life are identical.

* * *

The Kol tribes, as represented by the Santals and the Mundas and the Hos, are thus among the most primitive peoples in India, possibly the oldest people in our country, after the Negroid stocks found in South India. And they are among the most lovable of peoples. In their primitive and unsophisticated state, they are like big children : frank and sincere, honest and straight-forward, even when 'civilisation' has penetrated to them and sought to spoil them in every way ; gentle and peaceful by disposition, hardworking enough to meet their simple needs, loving flowers, loving mirth and music, loving dance and song, generally with strong family attachments, living a clean and healthy life in the midst of nature : they present the picture of a life almost idylic in its charm for the over-civilised mortal in the cities.

The poetry underlying much of the life of the Kols, where they have not been spoiled, has been felt and appreciated by people of culture in Bengal. The Kol already figures in Bengali fiction, in a number of short stories, full of pathos, full of sympathy. His life has been viewed and studied here and there by people who have come in touch with him. The neo-Bengal School of Painting has given us some beautiful paintings of Kol life,—Santal girls, Santal couples, and above all, that glorious picture by Nandalal Bose, *Dance in the Forest,* a group of Kol girls dancing to the sound of the drum (*dumang* or *mádal*) in the flowering forest—a vision of colour and of throbbing life.

The religion of the Kols is animism, or worship of invisible nature spirits, called *Bongas,* with a supreme spirit *Sing-bonga,*

who is identified with the Sun or Day-light. Sing-bonga in the words of the Rev. Father Hoffmann, is the invisible creator of everything, the ruler of all, the utterly great or supreme one, the god who is appealed to in distress, the solemn witness of men's good and bad deeds. We have there a conception of the deity which is quite lofty, and which is not much removed from that of the average man in a civilised community. In addition to these *bongas*, the Kols believe in the spirits of the fathers, and the ritual of worship connected with this cult has a poetic aspect too.

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It is now difficult, however, to dissociate from the current Kol beliefs and religious and other observances the genuine Kol elements from those adopted by the Kols from their Hindu neighbours. If must also be noted that a great many ideas, cults and practices of popular Hinduism owe their origin to the Kols and other non-Aryans who have long ago been brought within the Hindu fold; nay, in philosophic Hinduism too, some notions, *e.g.* that of transmigration, which cannot be traced to Indo-European sources, are essentially of the Indian soil, and had their origin undoubtedly in the animistic religion of the non-Aryans absorbed in the Hindu people.

The Kols do not have civilisation, but like all primitive people—the Kols emphatically are not savages—they have a culture, which is bound up with their language and their life. Kol life with its socio-religious institutions, its periodical festivals and gatherings, its songs and dances, its vivid style of ornament, its sense of wonder for life around, in the passing on of its tales and traditions from generation to generation, has kept up this culture as a living thing. It is this culture and these traditions that make life beautiful. When these are destroyed, with nothing to take their place except a material civilisation that looks only to the body, men become savages in the midst of civilisation; and such civilised savages are not uncommon in Europe and America, both among the richest classes who only worship Mammon, and among the slum-dwellers.

Kol life, however, cannot keep up much longer its primitive outlook, which is that of the forester and hunter. The times

and outside influences are too strong for it. There is the influx of *Dikus,* or Hindu and Musalman outsiders, into the heart of the Kol country : and outside influences in the shape of Hinduism and Christianity are modifying profoundly the life of the Kol, and undermining his national culture, making it lose its special features, and so destroying it.

Hinduism has spread among the Kols without any organised propaganda; the changes brought about through contact with Hinduism have been gradual and unconscious, and, it seems, without any antagonism from the Kols. Whole communities have accepted Hindu notions and practices in their religious and social life without there being any appreciable disturbance of the milieu in which the Kol lived and thought.

This, of course, has been impossible with Christianity, as a militant religion which claimed to have the truth all to itself. It rejected all ideas and notions not in conformity with its own, and instead of seeking to transmute them gradually to something higher, it sought to sweep them away to make room for another world of ideas totally incomprehensible to a primitive people, a world evolved in a society entirely different. Of course, this was done with the best of intentions and the deepest of convictions. But this has brought about, in those cases where it has been successful, a total dislocation of the old life with its own standard; and, while substituting many of the amenities of civilisation, and bringing in the outward forms of a nobler faith, it has seriously impaired the stability and often the self-respect of those who have been overwhelmed by it.

I do not mean in the least to disparage the message of the God-man Christ. But, in days gone by, there has been too often, on the part of the average missionary, a blindness to all that is good and noble and beautiful in 'heathen' or barbarous culture, an inability to appreciate the good points in a primitive or non-Christian society. It must be recognised on the other hand that there has also been no lack of missionaries, from time to time, who could rise above the ordinary prejudices.

I have made this digression only to pay tribute to the work done by these enlightened missionaries, who, actuated by a

broader humanity and by a scientific curiosity, have recognised the value of native culture, studied and systematised it and sought to preserve the best elements therein, while endeavouring to bring to it the nobler spiritual life according to the teachings of Jesus. We are grateful to missionaries like the late Rev. L. O. Skrefsrud and the Rev. P. O. Bodding, and to the Rev. Father J. Hoffmann, and the Rev. A. Nottrott, and others, for enabling us to add another world to our domain of study and the sympathetic understanding of our brother-man, the Kol folk.

* * *

The Kols lacked intellectual life; they never had any system of writing, and they could not as a consequence have had any literature as a conscious production of their cultural life. But they have a rich store-house of traditional tales and songs. Story-telling and song-craft are common to all Kol peoples, as well as music (playing on the deep-toned drum, called *dumang* by the Kols and *mádal* by Bengalis, and on the bamboo-flute) and dancing.*

Stray songs from the Santali have appeared in the Bengali periodicals; and a collection of Santali songs appears to have been made by the Rev. P. O. Bodding (*cf.* pp. 100-105 of his Materials for a Santali Grammar). It seems that the Santal, although he possesses a musical soul, has expressed himself better in narrative than in song.

The Mundari songs are among the most beautiful specimens of poetry of the simple and primitive type: every one who has read them will agree that they can take their place among the fairest flowers in the garden of Indian poetry. These are all little lyrics, there being no long poems or ballads. Love, descriptions of nature, the chase, dialogues, laments, and occasional narration of some big event,—these are the subject matters of Kol poetry.

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*The outside world has been enabled to taste the beauty and sweetness of this fountain-head of primitive nature and love-poetry through the monographs of the Rev. Nottrott (Mundari-Kol Lieder, in the Zeitschrift fur Volkskunde iii, pp. 381 ff., referred to by Grierson in the Linguistic Survey of India), of the Rev. Father J. Hoffmann (Mundari Poetry, Music and Dances in the Memoirs of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, 1907, Vol. II No. 5, pp. 85-120), of Mr. Sarat Chandra Roy, the eminent Bengali anthropologist, now Professor in the University of Patna (in his *Mundas and their Country*, Calcutta, 1912, pp. 508 ff. and in the pages of the Hindustan Review subsequently), and of a few other scholars.

Here is a poem, from Father Hoffmann's collection, itself delicate as a flower :

Into what bunch of flowers hast thou grown, maiden?
Thou art fragrant like the flowers.
Into what bower hast thou blossomed, maiden?
Thou art full of perfume like a bouquet.
(Or) dost thou wash thyself in flowers, maiden,
(That) thou art fragrant like the flowers?
(Or) dost thou bathe in blossoms, maiden,
(That) thou art full of perfume like a bouquet?

Another Mundari lover addresses his beloved in the following terms, as paraphrased by Mr. Roy :

How lovely thy head with wealth of waving hair,
Its locks with red twine tied in round knot fair.
O ! day and night, thou wreaths of flowers dost weave,
For thee my heart doth burn and bosom heave !
How bracelets and armlets those fair arms bedeck.
And necklace bright adorns thy beauteous neck.
Sweet sounds the jingling *pola* on thy feet,
For thee my heart doth burn and anxious beat.

The call of the drum to the dance makes the Kol youth's heart leap with joy, and this is finely expressed in the following poem :

The *dumang* sounds at Kot Karambu,
My heart leaps at the sound,
At the sound.
The *kartal* rings at Barigra,
My heart with glee doth bound
At the sound.
The *dumang* sounds at Kot Karambu,
O ! haste, my dear, to the dance,
To the dance.
The *kartal* clanks at Barigara,
O ! rise, my dear, from thy trance
To the dance.

The traditional tales and narratives of the Kols have been partially collected. In 1870-71 the late Rev. L. Q. Shrefsrud had fortunately got an old Santal sage named Kòlèan (=*Kalyána*) to narrate to him the traditions of his people and accounts of their social life and institutions, which he faithfully took down and published in the original Santali in 1887. This book—*Horkoren Mare Hapramko-reak' Katha*—is the great classic in their language, which, thanks to this enlightened Christian Missionary, the Santals have been enabled to possess. The language of this prose Purana and Grihya and Dharma Sutra of the Santals is in its purest form, such as it was spoken half a century ago, when Santal life was much more self-contained. But it already shows a large number of Aryan (Bihari and Bengali) words; and there are interspersed Bengali and Bihari songs, showing the invasion of Hindu ideas into their domestic and religious life.

It is pleasing to note that as an appendix to the second edition of the Rev. Skrefsrud's book, Mr. Bodding prints the resolutions which a number of representative Santals passed at Dumka in February, 1916, expressing 'what they would wish to become the law of inheritance of women among Santals:' a fitting pendant to a collection, of national importance for the Santals, of their social institutions and traditions, which, it may be hoped, they will not let die, in so far as they are beautiful, for all the Christian religion which they might be receiving.

In addition to the traditional stories, and stories relating to witch-craft, the tales dealing with the *bongas* and their relations with men and women are specificially Kol. These last are not many. The English reader will find then in the collection of Santal Tales by C. H. Bompas (*Folklore of the Santal Parganas,* London, 1909). But some at least among them are very beautiful, and they certainly ought to be better known. Some of these deal with the old theme of the love of a mortal youth or maiden and a sylvan spirit or godling. There are only two or three representative genres.

A typical story is of a girl who goes to the forest to pluck leaves with her companions, meets a forest spirit or godling, a

bonga kora, who generally lives in a cave, stays with him, and is happy, but her friends and parents do not like this connection, and they try to kill her *bonga* lover, and bring her home; but the *bonga* does not give up the girl; her head aches and aches, and she dies in a short time, apparently to join her lover in the world of the *bongas.*

Or it is of a young herdsboy tending his buffaloes or cattle and playing on his bamboo flute in the woody hills, and he is loved by a *bonga* girl, who comes to him, looking like a pretty human maiden. This is the Kol version of the myth of Aphrodite and the herdsman Anchises, and other Greek stories, and is no less charming. The *bonga* girl inhabits a spring, 'on the margin of which grew many *ahar* flowers', a little detail which the Santal narrator gives. The herdsboy goes into the waters of the spring to pluck flowers for the girl, and she casts some sort of spell on her lover, and takes him down along the spring to her people in the *bonga* world. There the seats are coiled snakes, and crouching tigers and leopards are the watch-dogs.

The *bongas* sometimes go out hunting with their tigers and leopards, and men cutting wood in the jungle are their quarry. Sometimes the young man comes out and lives as a man among men, but meets secretly his *bonga* wife in some underwater place in the forest, and his affairs prosper exceedingly, and he becomes a *jan guru*—a man of oracles. This reminds one of the old Roman legend of King Numa and the nymph Egeria. The *bongas* are sometimes mischievous creatures, thievish and sly, who however can be non-plussed by cleverer men.

These Kol stories of the *bongas* resemble more than anything else the Celtic (Irish) stories about the fairy folk the *sidhe* or *shee,* and their loves with mortals; and the brownies and elves of Northern European popular mythology. Ethnology might see traces of a pre-Kol race in these *bonga* stories, just as the *shee* are but pre-Irish dwellers of Ireland translated into the domain of legend; but in the meanwhile, we can enjoy them as the embodiment of the mystery and romance of forest life such as it impressed the untutored Kol.

The Vedic Aryan peopled the forest and the waters and the hills with the goddess Aranyáni, with wood-nymphs and with gods, with the Apsaras and the Gandharvas; the Greek with wood and water-nymphs, the Dryads and the Nereids, the Satyrs and the god Pan; and the Kol saw the *bonga kora* and the *bonga kuri*—fairy youths and maidens—in the deep virgin woods of India that encompassed his hamlet, or his homestead.

The study of Kol language, ethnology, folk-lore, has thus its important aspects. A great part of India has never been predominantly the Arya's country. In the making of our people, at least among the masses of the lower ranks, there has been undoubtedly a Kol element, and a strong one too. Certain tracts, *e.g.*, the Central Indian plateaux, are overwhelmingly Kol. We shall be guilty of gracelessness and of national snobbery if in Northern India, in the pride of our Aryan language and culture, we ignore our humble non-Aryan relations—the Kols, the Bodos and others.

The study of the Kol speeches as a discipline, like all scientific studies, has a unique value for itself as well as with reference to the study of our Aryan mother-tongues. To unfold the grammatical structure of Santali or Mundari, of course, would be a pleasure only for the specialist. But a slight knowledge of Kol would help ordinary people also, while studying modern Indo-Aryan philology, to find out the points of contact between Kol and Aryan, where Aryan has assimilated to Kol, about which any Aryan speaker, with a certain amount of culture, and interest in his mother-tongue, cannot fail to feel curious.

(*From* **The Study of Kol** *in the* Calcutta Review *for September, 1923*).

THE JURIDICAL LIFE IN FRANCE, AND THE LAWYER

[*A lecture delivered under the auspices of the Visva-Bharati Sammilani.*]

By Prof. Henri Solus.

I need not hesitate to express the joy which I felt when I was asked to speak to you on the juridical life in France. I know I am amongst friends; and between friends, is it not true, one takes a special pleasure in communicating one's thoughts and exchanging one's experiences? Nevertheless, I must confess to you that, after having accepted the invitation to speak on this subject, I was scared, to a certain extent, by the vastness of its scope.

Is there not the danger of losing our way in the survey of so extensive a domain, the veritable world by itself, which forms the juridical life of a nation? That is why I resolved to find in that world a god who would there create order and unity, a god around whom we could group the principal institutions, a god who would be—to speak a little arbitrarily—the centre of that juridical life, the aspects of which are manifold and complex.

I had to find that Divinity: I thought immediately of the Lawyer.

This choice is not exclusively inspired by the desire of flattering ourselves, dear gentlemen, who belong to the Bar, or who have the intention to enter there some day. My choice is rather the result of general considerations founded on reason.

In France, indeed, the rôle and the authority of the Lawyer in the development of its juridical life as well as in the evolution of its political and social life, are, and always have been, considerable. In the grand family of the juridical officials (*Les gens de robe*), which in the Middle-Ages enjoyed a great consideration and influence, Lawyers held a preponderating place. Their corporations, their Bar, was a real social force; it nurtured

invaluable traditions of honour and probity; and, above all, it cultivated the most noble independence in the face of State power.

In the Revolution of 1789, which took a good account of the lawyer, the Bar, amongst other corporations, was one of the first to be suppressed. And Napoleon himself, jealous of his own authority which he wanted to make decisive in the realisation of his great projects, did not hesitate to proclaim: "So long as I shall have the sword by my side, I want the tongue of the lawyers to be amputated, if they use it against the government."

This kind of feeling against Lawyers, however, did not last for a long time. The Bar was re-established a little after, along with the Faculties of Law. And gradually, the order of the Advocate recovered, in the juridical life of the nation, all the lustre, authority and influence to which I shall refer presently.

Please remember, meanwhile, that the Divinity whom I have chosen wants neither antiquity nor authority and, I may be permitted to add, lacks neither grace nor charm, since in. France, to-day, women also enjoy the privilege of being lawyers.

In reality, for a long time, admission to the Bar was refused to women. But as the result of the evolution of manners, the old notion of the fragility of the fair sex and their inexperience of affairs, which were the principal motives of disqualification, gradually gave way. And the Frenchwoman, by her intelligence and energy, urged on by the growing necessity of earning her own livelihood, soon overcame all hesitation in addressing herself to the difficult task of studying some of the subjects which were formerly considered as the special preserve of men. In course of time, she opened a way for herself into all the so-called "liberal professions"; and having succeeded as artist, as doctor, as professor, even as engineer, she extorted from the the French Legislature, in 1902, the right of being an Advocate.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, that you are acquainted with the scope of our discourse and the aims which I propose to pursue,—to describe to you the juridical life in France, considering it above all from the stand-point of the Lawyer,—I may be permitted to proceed to the heart of the subject, and shall deal, on the one hand, with the entry of the Lawyer into his profession, and on the other, with his functions therein.

The making of a Lawyer.

To become a lawyer, in France, it is not sufficient that the noble sentiment "to defend widows and orphans" should be deeply rooted in the heart. Before helping citizens to secure their rights, before assisting the judges in their delicate task of administering justice, the Advocate must possess, first of all, the necessary juridical knowledge, attested by academic qualifications of which the diploma of "Licenciate in Law" is the very minimum. Our future lawyer must therefore begin by joining the University, or rather, its Faculty of Law.

In France, indeed, the Universities are the reunion of diverse Faculties, of Law, of Literature, of Science, of Medicine. Every University—there are fifteen, all in the great cities, and most of them very old (the University of Poitiers, to which I have the honour to belong at present, having been founded in the beginning of the 15th century, when Descartes was teaching there, being already full of students as is attested by La Fontaine) —every University, I say however, did not possess all these Faculties corresponding to the different branches of human knowledge; in fact we have even now only 13 Faculties of Law. As a compensating factor, we often find, grouped around about the Universities, many an institute working harmoniously therewith, such as institutes of applied physics and chemistry, commercial institutes, colonial institutes, schools of minerology; schools of fine arts,—a detailed enumeration would be tedious.

To bring our thoughts back to the Lawyer, and reverting to the question of the Faculty of Law, permit me to say that the student, formed in our Lycees by a solid system of secondary education (*enseignement secondarie*), goes thenceforth to pursue in the Faculty of Law a system of high education (*enseignement superieur*) under Professors of the Faculty of Law exclusively devoted to their teaching work, and are finally selected for the Bar after a competitive examination (*concours d' Agregation*) which is held every second year only in Paris. At these examinations appear candidates from the whole of France, all of whom must be proficient in Law and not less than 25 years in age.

Thus we see that a long scientific preparation specially trains

the would-be Advocates for the final test awaiting them, that is to say, over and above all, a proficiency in the studies and books which form the basis of the French juridical science, a knowledge of and ability to expound not only the positive solutions of legal questions emanating from the tribunals, but also the great and fundamental principles of jurisprudence.

As a matter of fact, the Professor in France does not care so much to burden the memory of his students with details of practice and case laws which are easily to be found in books of reference, as to form in them the legal instinct. The Professor strives to make them acquire the reasoning attitude; and with that aim, he brings them in touch with the sources; makes them understand the history of institutions, tracing their evolution; and finally establishes the legal principles and their spirit.

Then, quite in a different direction, the Faculties organize, outside the general lectures (*cours magistraux*), some special lessons called *directions d'etudes*, throughout which the students are individually initiated into theoretical and practical researches, comparison of texts, juridical discussions with reference to Law Reports, the importance of which grows from day to day. In other words, the theoretical and fundamental notions gathered in the general lectures are strengthened by contact with the practical juridical life.

For that purpose, all the French Faculties of Law are organised in the same manner. There is no gradation or hierarchy. And if the Faculty of Law in Paris has acquired an incomparable halo,—on account of the number and the authority of her professors, selected from the master jurists whose books and teaching have left a permanent mark; on account of the number of her students (more than 8000); on account of her rich collections and library,—the other Faculties of Law in the Provinces are not less flourishing. And as the professors receive their normal official advancements without changing their place, you will understand why there are in all the Faculties some eminent men who remain there attracted by the calm of the Provincial life, so favourable for sustained studies and speculative researches, before they are called to teach in the Faculty of Paris.

Such are, then, the surroundings in which the future Lawyers work in order to become full-fledged jurists. After 3 years of these studies, and after successfully passing the 3 compulsory examinations, he will have the diploma and the title of "Licenciate in Law". As regards the higher grade of "Doctor of Law" which requires profound studies on the part of young scholars, it is conferred after two further examinations are passed, followed by the sustaining of a thesis. But the title of Doctor, as I told you, is not indispensable for practising as an Advocate, the title of "Licenciate" being deemed to ensure the requisite minimum of legal knowledge.

The fundamental preparation for the duty of Advocacy received in the University, is supplemented in the Palace of Justice itself by another discipline intimately connected with the profession. That stage follows when the lawyer is sworn in. It is now that he has the honour of wearing his robe, of which he is so proud. And, he is initiated either alone, or more often as the junior to some renowned Advocate, into the real business life.

In the Faculty he has received the technical training, in the Palace of Justice he has the first direct contact with practice and procedure. He will plead, he will learn his rights; but at the same time he will be informed of the duties and obligations of his profession, of which the Bar, in keeping with its old traditions of honour and dignity, enforces a strict observance. And, after 3 years of apprenticeship, he may demand his enrolment on the books of the order of Advocates; whereupon, only, can he exercise to the fullest extent his real functions.

But,—and I here enter into the second part of my discourse —what really are the functions of the Lawyer?

The Lawyer's functions.

These may be summarised and characterised in a simple sentence: the lawyer pleads before the tribunals.

I shall not speak, ladies and gentlemen, about the formal pleading which consists in defending the client by the speech, because you understand it in India quite in the same way that

we French people do. And, even more, I may make bold to state that the temperament of the French Advocate bears a great resemblance with that of a Bengali Advocate. His speech is generally as fluent, warm and convincing; and his gesture as easy and expressive. Moreover, in France, as in India, the Advocate's only function is to plead. The writing of the procedure is not entrusted to his care, but to that of officials such as solicitors and attornies.

But, what is the character of the Tribunals before which the French Advocate has to plead? Here, I am bound to give you some idea about the judicial organisations in France.

In a general way, one can say that there is in France, for all cases of a certain importance, two degrees of jurisdiction : of first and of second instance. The Courts of first instance—I shall deal only with the ordinary jurisdictions and leave out of discussion the exceptional tribunals, such as the Justices of the Peace for small acairs, the Commercial Tribunal or Council of experienced men (*Counseils de Prud'-Hommes*) for litigations relating to the contracts between working men and their employers—the Courts of first instance, as I say, consist in the Civil Tribunals of wards (*Tribunaux civils d' arrondissement*) so called because there is one of them in every ward. As concerns the jurisdictions of second instance they consist in the Courts of Appeal (*Course d'Appel*), of which there are 26 in France. The judiciary composing them are more numerous, more experienced, more respectable, and incidentally more sumptuous with their red robes compared to the black worn by judges of the lower tribunals.

But, above the Civil Tribunals and the Courts of appeal, outside the juridical hierarchy altogether, there is one Supreme Jurisdiction quite unique in the whole of France and sitting in Paris, *the Cour de Cassation.* The Court of Cassation is divided into 3 chambers and consists of 45 eminent Judges, who have arrived at the summit of their professional career. The splendour of the Court room and the solemnity of the procedure, not to speak of the magnificent costume of the counsel, impress one as entirely in keeping with its position as the Supreme Court of Judicature in the country.

The functions of this Supreme Court are original and special;

being to examine if the decision of the Civil Tribunals and the Courts of Appeal conform to the established Law, and thereby to maintain the uniformity of judicial interpretations. It does not deal with questions of fact which have been discretionarily adjudicated by the judges of the lower Courts; it only examines the legality of the decisions submitted to it for revision, that is to say, it judges the judgement and not the case. And if it holds that there has been a departure from legal principle or procedure it may set aside the offending decision and, without substituting its own decree, refer the parties to another Court of equal jurisdiction for a retrial.

I should state that the judges composing all the different ordinary jurisdictions,—Civil Tribunals, Courts of Appeal and Court of Cassation,—receive a special education. All are officials of the Government who, in order to be appointed to the Judiciary, must, over and above the academic diploma acquired in the Faculty of Law, pass through a period of probation and ultimately a special examination as a test of judicial capacity.

Moreover, the Judges always sit in benches formed of an odd number of members; 3 in the Civil Tribunal, 5 in the Court of Appeal, 9 in each Chamber of the Court of Cassation. In fact, we are very partial to this bench system; and the efforts made from time to time to introduce the system of trials by single judges, so highly appreciated in other countries, always fail in France. For, we consider that the plurality of judges by itself affords a guarantee of experience, independance and impartiality.

Now that you know our different Courts and their composition, it is easy for me to communicate to you the duties and privileges of the lawyers.

If we leave out the Court of Cassation which, by reason of its high and special function obeys particular rules, and has a special class of advocates who are at the same time solicitors, we can say that all our lawyers have the privilege to plead before all the Courts of first and second instance. Enrolment to the Bar of any city of France entitles a Lawyer to plead before all the Tribunals in France. Moreover, there are no superior or inferior classes of advocates. Under the black robe, all Lawyers carry uniformly the same rights before the Law and the

same privileges in the Bar. Only talent and quality of work bring to them elevation in office and professional renown; and here, indeed, is the extent of their privilege apparent, for in what other sphere of our life, can one fly higher on the wings of Fame than in that of the Law?

Certainly there are in France Professors of the Faculty of Law whose names are imperishable; the students whom they have trained, the learned and important books which they have published, remain for ever as the permanent testimony of their zeal and genius. May I cite in this connection the names of Aubry and Rau, Saleilles, Planiol, Colin and Capitant, Geny and Demogue, in the Civil Law; Laine, Pillet, Weiss and Bartin in Private International Law; Thaller, Lyon-Caen, Wahl, Percerou and Ripert, in Commercial Law; Renault, de Lapradelle, Duguit, Hauriou and Berthelemy in Public Law; Garsonnet, Glasson and Tissier in the Civil Procedure; Garcon and Le Poittevin in Criminal Law; Souchon, Gide, Truchy and Perreau in Political Economy; Girard, Cup and Collinet in Roman Law; Esmein and Chenon in the History of Law?

Certainly there are also Judges whose integrity, honour and civic virtues are put forward as examples and whose authoritativeness is attested by their judicious, learned and equitable decisions; decisions which are embodied in our important law-reports. For, Case-law constitutes to-day, even in France, a veritable source of Legislation, always in the process of renewal. In fact Case-law fills up the gaps in our old Codes and incessantly resolves new questions arising out of the transformation of economic and social needs; and that to such an extent that the Lawyers measure their prestige in the Courts by the number of cases which have been decided in their favour; the more such previous decisions there are, the more certain are they of gaining their cause.

But, the science of the Professor, the talent of the Judge, are only sources of a sober glory, radiating a perfume, which though penetrating is subdued and can rarely be felt by ordinary men. A lawyer, on the contrary, is easily crowned with public glory. His name is remembered and repeated with admiration, Berryer, Labori, Rousset, Busson, Billault, Cherm, Foursade

and so many othrs. Now his advocacy, now and more often, his pleading in a criminal case which gives splendid scope for emotion and eloquence, will assure his reputation. Working by turn on the sentiment of pity and irony, sometimes aggressive and masterful, sometimes sweet and insinuating, some lawyers know how to use the French language as a perfect instrument, seductive as the voice of the Siren. And you remember how the French Academy counts always some lawyers amongst the immortal master-thinkers and master-speakers. Yesterday it was Barboux, to-day it is Barthou, Poincare, Henri Robert.

Finally, taking one step further, and leaving the strict domain of Law for the neighbouring kingdom of Politics, the Lawyer frequently devotes himself in France to public affairs, to *res publica*. Accustomed to weigh the conflicts of private interest, he is tempted to grapple with the problems of general interest; from conducting litigation, he is predisposed to the conduct of the national affairs; from the defence of individual liberties, he is urged to the vindication of Freedom; from the habit of applying the Law, he passes on to the function of making the Law; that is why, without going further than Gambetta and Thiens, by whom was laid the foundation of the political regime which governs France for the last 50 years, our politicians are largely recruited from Lawyers.

And if, one day, crossing the vast ocean, you stop for a while under the sky of sweet France, in Paris, and if you pass the portals of the Palais of Justice, the silhouette of which, evoking the memory of the Middle Ages and crowned by the elegant towers of the *Sante-Chapelle,* has been reflected for centuries in the tranquil waters of the Seine, you can read, engraved on a marble slab, in the Bar Library, the names of Millerand and Poincare, Presidents of the French Republic and Lawyers at the Court of Appeal of Paris.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, tell me, was I not justified in placing the Lawyer as a kind of Divinity in the very centre of the juridical life of France?

SPIRITUAL VALUES IN SOCIAL SERVICE

(*From a Lecture delivered at the Calcutta Social Service Conference*).

By Bipin Chandra Pal.

This conference has already dealt with primary education, popular education, adult education, commercial education, citizenship, untouchability, liquor and drug traffic, the protection of lower animals, and the vital problems of sanitation and medical relief. At its next session will be discussed the important subjects of juvenile ocenders, habitual criminals, vigilance and rescue work.

All these are very important subjects, but the one question that arises in my mind is this : "Why should I spend my time in dealing with these matters? What ought to be the inspiration of social service? What ought to be its ideal?" It may be that you want primary education for political purposes. It may be that you want educational reform for economic and industrial improvement. It may be that you want education in citizenship for the same political ends. You may want to remove untouchability out of pity for the condition of the so-called depressed classes. You may try to deal with the liquor and drug traffic from the same missionary motive. But are these the highest motives wherewith to approach these questions?

That question always arises in me when I think of social service. If you ask me "Why are you interested in education, in politics, in economic improvement, or in social reform?" the answer, so far as I am concerned, will be this : "Because I consider that these things are essential for the purification and the uplift, in a word, for the salvation, of my own soul." My social service is absolutely self-regarding from one point of view and, from another, its fundamental basis must be the recognition of the principle of what is now called the "Solidarity of Man."

You cannot attain your own selfish purposes—however narrow your vision, however self-regarding your activities, you cannot possibly attain even these limited interests—without

taking care for the similar attainment of the similar personal interests of your neighbours. You cannot yourself be healthy and have strength and attain longevity by simply trying to keep your own home free from insanitary conditions, because if your neighbour's home allows the germs of disease to grow, they will attack your own home also, however much you may try to keep it clean and sanitary.

If you are educated—whether intellectually or spiritually—you cannot really satisfy your own intellectual or spiritual cravings unless those amongst whom you live are equally educated. Interchange of thought is an essential condition of intellectual self-realization, and unless you have about you men and women who are as thoughtful and reasonable as yourself, your intellectual life will be a failure. Water cannot rise above its own level, and the individual, whether physically or intellectually or morally, can never rise above the general level of the community or the society to which he belongs. This is the fundamental basis of social service.

Your own well-being—I do not ask you to go farther than your own self-interest—depends upon the well-being of your neighbours; your family's well-being depends upon the well-being of the community to which you and your family belong; and your communal well-being entirely depends upon the well-being of the nation, consisting of many communities, of which your community is only one of the limbs or organs. The solidarity of man, or the organic conception of social life and relations, must conform to the fundamental basis of social service. This is the first thing to which I should like to invite your attention.

But this is not all. There are higher reaches of social idealism; there are higher aspects of social service. To you and me and those who believe in the soul, who believe that God made man in His own image and out of His own substance, as the Christian Bible says, and as the Koran also says I think,—and our own scriptures say the same thing,—man is God in the making. That is the fundamental truth of all religions.

Man is God in the making; you have the spirit of God in you, and the fulfilment of the highest object of your life lies in the

development of the latest divinity that is in you; and not only in you, for you cannot develop the divinity in yourself unless you develop the same divinity that is in your brother Man and your sister Woman. Without this you cannot realise God,—and every religion says this is the plinth and the foundation, the sum and substance, of spiritual life, *viz.* : realization of God.

Perpetual God consciousness is the universally accepted ideal of the highest religious and deepest spiritual life. But how can you live in a perpetual consciousness of God unless those who are about you constantly quicken your consciousness of God by their own conduct and their own life and character? Therefore, if you want to make visible the invisible Spirit, if you want to realise the God whom you worship, the only way to do it properly, correctly, really,—and not merely imaginarily,—is to develop the divinity in every man and every woman.

Therefore I want education, because the want of education obstructs the vision of my brother Man; I want the improvement of sanitary conditions because the diseased man, weak in body, suffering from various ailments, does not bring to me the beauty and the grandeur of my Lord. I want the man beautiful, I want the woman beautiful, I want the child beautiful, because the man beautiful, the woman beautiful and the child beautiful reveals to my eyes the eternal beauty of the All Beautiful.

I want enlightened men, enlightened women and even children beaming with the light of God, opening like the petals of a flower. I want intellectual illumination, because, unless those who are about me are intellectually illumined, I cannot realise the eternally illumined Lord in my social surroundings, in the man and the woman about me.

I want men and women to be pure, and by purity I understand that men and women should be established upon their own Being. That thing is pure which exists in its own nature, in its eternal and real nature; and when men and women exist in their own eternal and real nature, which is their spiritual nature, I see in them my God; and that is why, as a help to the worship of my God, I desire this social service.

It is in the revelation of God in humanity that you can serve

your God. You call God your Father. But that has no meaning unless you realise the ideal of the relation between the son and father in your own life. You call God your friend, but it has no meaning unless you realise in your own social relations the purest of friendships. You call God your Lord and Master; and by all the endearing names. But these names have no meaning unless you realise the Spiritual in and through all family and social relations.

The spiritual value of social service consists, first, in the realisation by the social worker, every moment of his life, in every case that he applies himself to for the uplift of his brother Man, of the fact and the principle and the truth of the solidarity of man. And next, the spiritual value of social service consists in the perpetual realization by the social workers of the presence of the Lord, in the fallen woman, in the vicious, in the criminal, in the unillumined, in the ignorant and even in the poorest of the poor.

When you realise God, when you realise in your innermost soul that through the service of the afflicted you will serve your God, your service is lifted to the spiritual plane. When you serve those who are depressed, when you seek to minister to their wants, not in the spirit of the ordinary missionary or of the philanthropist, not in the spirit of those who come down from a higher pedestal to raise those who are standing on a lower level, but in the spirit of real and devout worship,—when you serve those who are submerged and down-trodden in that spirit, when you realise in the depressed classes the presence of your God, it is then that you will be able to render them true spiritual service.

And so there is a great danger in social service,—the danger of forgetting the ultimate aim, forgetting the spiritual aspect of it; the great danger of losing sight of the object in our attention to the details of the organisation; the great danger of ignoring the organism itself in our eagerness to serve the different organs; and, with a view to fight these dangers, it is essential that you should keep this spiritual ideal prominently before you and judge every department of social work by its spiritual value.

I'VE LOVED THIS WORLD.

(From the original of Rabindranath).

I've loved this world's face splendour-girt
With all my heart,
And I have wound,
In fold on fold,
My life around it and around;
The gloom of dusks, the gold
Of countless dawns across my soul have rolled,
And sped and passed;
At last
My life to-day is one
With earth and sea and sky, and moon and sun.
Thus life hath won my heart,
For I have loved this world's face splendour-girt.

And yet I know that I shall have to die.
One day my eye
No more the light of day will drink;
In the abyss of void my voice will drop and sink;
My soul no more will fly
To greet the morning's flaming light;
No more will night
Her secrets whisper in my ears;
I'll take my final look on earth and tell
My last farewell,
When Death appears.

As true
Is passion's yearning cry,
So too,
This bleeding parting when we die
And yet some inner harmony must bind the two;
Or the universe, so long,
Would not endure the fraud, the wrong,
So grievous, base,
With smiling face;
And all its light
Would wither like a worm-bit flower in blight.

Translated by KHITISH CH. SEN.

THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF VIKRAMASILA

(*From a lecture under the auspices of Patna University*).

By Prof. J. N. Samaddar.

The University of Vikramasilâ is associated permanently with the epithet Royal, as it was not only created by a king, but the titles on its scholars were bestowed by kings, also. And if the University of Nâlandâ fulfilled the criterion of Newman that a University is a school of universal learning, implying the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot, this royal University of Vikramasilâ also satisfied that condition. And it also came under the definition of Carlyle of being a collection of books, for we know, both from internal and external evidence, that there was a big library, which along with all its other paraphernalia was destroyed by the Muhammadan invaders.

The accounts relating to Vikramasilâ, however, are rather meagre. We have to depend for the details to a large extent on Târânath, the historian of Tibet(1).

Our difficulty in tracing a fuller history of Vikramasilâ is intensified by the fact that Hieun Tsiang, the prince of Chinese travellers, has not given us any account of it, proving that the university had not come into existence, or at any rate, was not of sufficient importance to merit his visit. Neither does the other Chinese traveller, I-Tsing, to whom we are so much indebted for information regarding the curriculum of Nâlandâ, give us any account of Vikramasilâ, showing that the former was in his time still flourishing, while the latter was yet unknown. And the presumption that it had been revived and forsaken, or fallen into decay, before the advent of Hieun Tsiang(2) cannot at all hold good(3).

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(1) For the translation of some passages relating to Vikramasila, I am indebted to Sister Gertrude of the Patna convent.

(2) *J. B. T. S.*, I.

(3) "The inscription on the minor figures in Gupta Character of the third and fourth centuries show that the Vihar with its chief caves and pilasters had been established a considerable period before than time, probably at the beginning of the Christian era, or even earlier." This is altogether an untenable theory. The fact that it was founded by Dharmapala who reigned in the ninth century clearly demolishes it.

Vikramasilâ began to rise after the downfall or decadence of Nâlandâ, and for a time there seems to have been intercourse between the two. Lama Târânath(1) remarks that the Professors of Vikramasilâ watched over the affairs of the Nâlandâ. Though it is difficult to surmise the exact meaning of this, it undoubtedly points to a connection, and further, in later times, we find that while Atisa was proceeding towards Tibet, his interpreter was staying at Nâlandâ(2).

As in the case of Nâlandâ(3) in Vikramasilâ also, we find a tradition telling us about the origin of the university, or rather of the monastery which birth to the university. It is said to have been so named because a *Yaksha* called Vikrama was suppressed here(4). A Tibetan tradition also has it that Acharya Kâmpilya, a learned Professor of the School of Buddhist Tantras, who had attained to *siddhi* (perfection) in the Mahâmudrâ mysticism, was once struck with the features of a bluff hill which stood out on the bank of the Ganges. Observing its peculiar fitness for the site of a Vihar, he remarked that under royal auspices it could be turned into a great place for the use of the *Samgha*. By dint of foreknowledge he also knew that at one time on that hill a great Vihar would be built. In course of time Kâmpilya was born as Dharmapâla the famous Buddhist king of Gauda, and remembering what he had been in his previous birth, he built the monastary and along with it the university. In view of the fact that the first donor was a king, Vikramasilâ was known as the Royal University.

This may be a mere traditional story, but we cannot altogether ignore tradition. And, whatever may be the value of this particular story, it is an admitted fact that the foundations of the monastery were first laid by Dharmapâla in the 9th century. *Paramasaugata Parameshwara Paramabhattaraka Maharajadhiraja* Dharmapâla is mentioned in the *Khâlimpur* Prasasti, the date of which has been fixed at 910 A.D. It was under his auspices that one hundred and eight Professors taught

(1) German edition, P. 218.
(2) *Indian Pandits in the Land of Snow.*
(3) *Vide* Beal or Walters.
(4) *J. B. T. S.*, Vol. I. 10-11.

in Vikramasilâ(1). In addition to these there were also Acháryas for offering wood and fire and for ordination, as well as three superintendents.

For four centuries the University of Vikramasilâ pursued a successful career, being managed, under royal patronage, by a board of six members presided over by the high priest. To its distinguished alumni(2) it granted the diploma of Pandit, which was conferred by the reigning king.

Among these Pandits may be mentioned Ratna Vajra, an inhabitant of Kâshmîr, who was appointed Gate Keeper, a post of distinction. Similarly Acharya Jetari received his diploma from king Mahipâla and could boast of Dwipankara (Atisa) as his pupil. One of the others, Ratna Kîrti, a Professor at the university, should also be mentioned along with Jñána-srî Mitra, who was indeed a great pillar of the Vikramasilâ University. Atisa or Dwípankara himself was indebted to him. Jñána-srí Mitra was also Gate-keeper and was appointed the head of the University when Atisa left for Tibet. We may also mention the name of Ratnákara Sánti, who was ordained in the order of the *Sarvâstivâda* School of Odantapuri of which we shall speak later on, and who learnt the Sûtras at Vikramasilâ from Jetâri, Ratnâkara Kírti and others. Ratnâkara was also made Gate-keeper after which, at the invitation of the king of Ceylon, he visited that island where he gave an impetus to the Buddhist doctrine(3).

Nâlandâ had one gate only, through which all aspirants after university education had to pass, but Vikramasilâ had six gates, over which there were six Gate-keepers or *Dvára Panditas,* who guarded, as it were, the destinies of the university. According to Târânâth there was Prajñákáramati at the Southern Gate, Ratnákara Sânti guarded the Eastern gate, Vágísvara Kîrti watched over the destinies of the Western gate, Naropa ruled at the Northern gate, Ratna Vajra was in charge of the

(1) *J. B. T. S.*, I., Pt. I., p. 11.

(2) S. C. Vidyabusan's *Logic*, p. 79. It is not known what title the University of Nalanda conferred on the distinguished students. Vidyabhusan suggests that that University also recognised the title of Pandit.

(3) S. C. Vidyabhusan's *Logic*, P. 342.

first central gate and Jñâna-srí Mitra tested students at the second central gate.

Vikramasilâ improved considerably upon Nâlandâ regarding academic organisation, but it was unable to achieve the wide range of influence, nor had it the vast numerical strength, of the latter university. For this, of course, the state of the times was more or less responsible, as the whole country was then suffering from disruption.

King Dharmapâla, its founder, furnished Vikramasilâ with four establishments, each consisting of 27 monks belonging to the four principal sects. He also endowed it with rich grants, fixing regular allowances for the maintenance of the priests and students. Besides, there were establishments for temporary residents(1).

As in the case of Nâlandâ, other kings after Dharmapâla made additions to this university. There was a central hall, called the house of science. It had six gates which opened on six colleges which had one hundred and eight professors. There was also a large open space which could hold an assembly of 8000 persons(2). Each college was under the guidance of a *Dwara Pandita,* the Gate-keeper, of which post we have made mention before.

Just as at Nâlandâ, students desirous of entering the university had to subject themselves to a severe test examination, so here also no one could enter the precincts of this seat of learning without defeating the *Dwara Pandita* in controversial disquisition. The two Pandits who taught theology in the central college were called the first and second pillars of the University.

For the support of the resident pupils of the colleges within the monastery, were *satras* (hostels) where scholars were entertained free and were given their necessaries. They were endowed, as we find in the case of Nâlandâ, by the princes and nobles of the country. That this sort of endowment continued from the beginning till the end of the university is proved by

(1) *J. B. T. S.*, 1-10.

(2) "The quadrangle evidently was a large Buddhist Monastery or Vihar such as one time existed at Sarnath, Sanchi, Buddha Gaya and other places of note"—
Dr. Rajendralal Mitra.

the fact that as late as the tenth century a *satra* was added to the Vihar by one of the sons of king Sanâtan, of Varendra, better known by his name of Jetâri.

Like Nâlandâ, again, the whole university was surrounded by a wall. On its front wall, to the right of the principal entrance, was painted the likeness of Nâgârjuna, and to the left the protrait of Atisa himself. We also find the existence of a Dharmasâlâ on the gate outside the wall, where strangers, arriving after closing time, were given shelter.

The whole establishment must have been a magnificent one and it was, evidently, so nicely adapted to its purpose, both as a religious and an educational institution, that the Tibetans took it as a model for one of their own monasteries.

The courses of study in Vikramasilâ were, perhaps, less comprehensive than those at Nâlandâ. The most important branch of learning taught here seems to have been the Tantras. Vikramasilâ flourished in the days of Tântrikism, when occult sciences and magic had become the favorite subjects of study. In fact, from the 5th century, Buddhism had assumed a new phase, and was already converted into Tântrikism, which developed further between the eight and tenth centuries of the Christian era.

As Dr. Kern, the great authority on Buddhism, has rightly observed(1) "The doctrine of Buddhism in India, from the eighth century downwards, nearly coincides with the growing influence of Tântrikism and sorcery which stand to each other in the relation of theory to practice". The development of Tântrikism is a feature that Buddhism and Hinduism have in common, the idolatrous cult, of "female energies" being grafted upon the theistic system of Mahâyâna and the pantheistic mysticism of Yoga(2).

There was in the monastery a class of Tântrikas known as *Kimsukhas* who brought much trouble on Atisa. Two instances are referred to in *The Journal of the Buddhist Text Society*(3)—the one of Maitri (a Kimsukha) who was charged with certain

(1) Kern's *Buddhism*, P. 133.
(2) N. N. Vasu *Modern Buddhism*.
(3) Vol. I.

irregularities in matters connected with doctrinal, ritual and other collateral matters on account of which a condemnatory remark was written on the wall at the entrance of the Vihar by a monk called Sânti; and the other, of wine being detected in the possession of one of the monks, which he kept secretly in his room and which he alleged he had brought for presenting to *a* Buddhist nun whom he intended to consult on certain matters, showing how the religion of Gautama Buddha had deteriorated in the hands of his later followers.

Next to the Tantras, there were studied Grammar, Metaphysics and Logic. This last subject, which was studied assiduously and extensively at the Nâlandâ university, was also cultivated here, and some of the greatest scholars at Vikramasilâ distinguished themselves in this subject. The fact that there were six eminent logicians acting as *Dwara Panditas* (Gate-keepers) go to prove that Logic was a popular subject(1).

Here also, as at Nâlandâ, the teachers and students occupied themselves with copying manuscripts, and in the British Museum there is a beautiful copy of the *Ashta Sâhasrikâ Prajnâpâramitâ* the colophon of which mentions the fact of its being copied in the reign of *Paramesvara Paramabhatâraka Paramasaugata Mahârajâdhirâja Srimad* Gopaladeva, who, according to Dr. Barnett was the second Gopaladeva(2).

Sarat Chandra Das in his *Indian Pandits in the Land of Snow,* a book which is unfortunately becoming rare, though published only thirty years ago, has given us a graphic description of a religious assembly at Vikramasilâ(3). The description is by the Tibetan who was sent there to take Atisa back with him for the revival of Buddhism in Tibet :

In the morning at 8 o'clock, when the monks congregated together, being conducted by the Sthavira, I was given a seat in the ranks of the learners. Then first of all the venerable Vidyâ Kokila came to preside over the assembly. His apprearance was noble and majestic. He sat exalted and steady like the Sumeru mountain. I asked those near me, if he was not Lord Atisa. "What do you say, oh Tibetan *áyusmat*? This

(1) S. C. Vidyabhusan's *Logic.*
(2) *J. R. A. S.*, 1910. P. 151.
(3) Corresponding to the modern Convocation.

is the very revered Lama Vidyâ Kokila, who being a lineal disciple of Acharya Chanda Kirti has became a saintly sage. Do not you know that he was the teacher of *Jovo* Atisá?" Then again pointing to another Acharya who was seated at the head of a row I enquired if he was not Atisa? I was told that was the venerable Narapanta, who for his scholarship in the sacred literature has no equal among the Buddhists. He too was Atisa's tutor.

At this time, when my eyes were roving to find out Atisa, the Raja of Vikramasilâ came and took an exalted seat, but none of the monks, old or young, rose from their seats to mark his arrival. Then another Pandit came, in a grave and solemn mood, moving slowly. Many young *áyusmats* rose from their seats to receive him with offerings of incense. The Raja also rose from his seat to do him honour. On the Raja's rising up, the monks and the Pandits also got up from their seats respectively. The Lama was seated on a reserved seat. Thinking that, as so much honour was shown to the Lama, he must be some royal monk, or some venerable *sthavira,* or Atisa himself, I wished to know who he was. I was told that he was Vîr Vajra, a stranger whose residence was not known to them. When I interrogated them as to how learned he was, they said that they were not aware of the extent of his attainments.

When all the rows of seats were filled up, there came Jovo Atisa, the Venerable of venerables, in all his glory at whose sight the eyes felt no satiety. His graceful appearance and smiling face struck every one of the assembly. From his waist hung down a bundle of keys. The Indians, Nepalese and Tibetans all looked at him and everyone of them took him for a countryman of their own. There was brightness mixed with simplicity of expression in his face which acted as a magic spell upon those who beheld him.

Such was Atisa who was taken to Tibet by the envoy of the Tibetan king to bring about the renascence of Buddhism in that country. It was this Atisa who revived the practise of the Mahâyâna doctrine. "He cleared the Buddhism of Tibet of its foreign and heretic elements which had completely tarnished it and restored it to its former purity and splendour. Under his guidance the Lamas of Tibet discovered what is called the real and pure path of the exalted excellence"(1).

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(1) *Indian Pandits in the land of Snow,* P. 76.

It is interesting to note that neither Atisa, nor his activities in Tibet, are mythical. Modern research proves my assertion(1). The *Archaeological Survey Report says*:

> The times of Atisa have become known through Das's *Indian Pandits in the land of snow*. But up to the present it has been found impossible to decide whether the persons mentioned in connection with Atisa actually lived for not. In the course of our tour we discovered several inscriptions of those times at Poo, in Spiti and Ladakh. On one of the walls of Tabo monastery of Spiti, we discovered an inscription of the days of king Byang-chub-od of Guge, the very ruler who invited Atisa to Tibet. The principal hall of Tabo monastery called Nam-par-snang-mdzad, seems to have remained unchanged since the days of Atisa(2).

The writer also mentions an inscription which contains the names of the two most important Lamas of the periods *viz.*: Rin-chen bzng-po and Atisa, the latter being called Phul-byung, which is his Tibetan name. The inscription says that Rin-chen was made a "light of wisdom" through the agency of Atisa. This apparently is a reference to the controversy between the two Lamas which ended with Rin-chen's acknowledging Atisa's superiority.

Such was the head of the Vikramasilâ university, with its numerous alumni. But such are the ravages of time that not only have its glories almost totally vanished, but it is even difficult to identify the site now. Cunningham suggested the village of Silao near Borgaon(3). This is out of the question as the Ganges could not have been anywhere near it. Then there was the suggestion of Pandit Satish Chandra Vidyabhusana who tried to indentify it with Sultanganj in Bhagalpore. The hill there, however, is a very small one, too small to have a monastery with six gates and a quadrangle or open space which could hold an assembly of 8000 men, together with the large number of temples and colleges it contained. This identification, therefore, is anything but satisfactory. The Tibetan chronicles mention clearly that the monastery was situated on a

(1) Historial Documents from the borders of Tibet *A. S. R.* 1909-10.
(2) *Vide* also the Foreward to *Rambles in Bihar*.
(3) *A. S. R.*, 1.

bluff hill on the right bank of the river Ganges. The best identification appears to be that by Mr. Nundo Lal De who locates it at Patharghata, which site he describes as follows :

A day's sail below Sultanganj is situated a steep, projecting hill called Patharghata, a spur of Colgong, twenty-four miles to the east of Champanagar, the ancient Champa, the capital of Anga. The rock projections at Patharghata and Colgong form a beautiful curve on the right bank of the Ganges flanked by an amphitheatre of hills, which greatly enhances the picturesqueness of the landscape and heightens its beauty. The river Ganges, the general course of which from Bhagalpore to the ocean is nearly due East, flows northward from Colgong to Patharghata and takes a singular turn round the Patharghat hill, some of the rocks of which project in a promontory into the river, and this projecting portion with a large part of the hill beyond, is properly called Patharghata(1).

This site, suggested by Mr. De, is the most likely one, being situated on a bluff hill, as the Tibetan chronicles say, on the right bank of the Ganges, which further has sufficient space for a congregation of 8000 with many temples and buildings. The monastery was destroyed by Musulman invaders, a point which we will take up after referring to another university, namely that of Odantapuri, which also shared the same fate as that of Vikramasilâ.

S. C. Das(2) expresses the opinion that on account of the foundation of a city in the neighbourhood of Nâlandâ, which became the capital of Magadha under the Pâla kings, and also owing to the great eminence to which the monastery itself arose, the entire province came to be known by the name of Vihar (monastery) and the older name of Magadha was gradually forgotten. This seems to be a mere guess which the author does not support by any reference.

Neither does the late Dr. V. A. Smith(3) cite any authority for his statement that Gopala(4), the first king of the Pala

(1) *J. A. S. B.*, Vol. V., No. 1, P. 7.
(2) *Hindusthan Review*, 1906, P. 190.
(3) *Early History of India.*
(4) Taranath on the contrary says, "Gopala, ruling in the beginning of his life in Bengal, founded in the neighbourhood of Odantapura the Vihar of Nalanda and after he had instituted in both countries many schools of the clergy, he made great sacrifice to the Law". (p.158). This would imply that Nalanda came after Odandapuri, which was not the fact. Taranath in another place (p. 193) observes : "At the time of king Gopala and Devapala, Odantapura Vihar was erected."

dynasty, founded a great monastery at Uddandapura, or Odantapura, as it is sometimes called, this being at any rate the ancient name of the modern town of Bihar. This name has also been used by Târânâth. The Mahomedan historian, Abu Umar Minhaz-uddin 'Usman ibn Siraj-uddin of Juzani, better known as Minhaz, on whom we have to depend for facts relating to the history of northern India of this period, mentions the place as Adwand Bihâr.

We have not much palaeographic evidence about Odantapura, either. There is, however, an inscription made in the second regnal year of king Surapâladeva, of the Pâla dynasty, in which we note the flourishing condition of the Odantapura Vihar. And we have also a second inscription, referring thereto, both having been discovered in 1891, and both being now in Calcutta Museum(1).

According to the Mahomedan historian, Minhaz, Magadha was invaded by Muhammad, son of Bukhtiyar Khiliji, after the eightieth regnal year of Lakshman Sen. As the Lakshman era runs from 1119, 1199 may thus be taken as the year of the destruction of the Buddhist places of learning in Bihar,—Nâlandâ, Odantapuri and Vikramasilá,—whereby Indian Buddhism received a blow from which it has never been able to recover. A large part of the Buddhist population was forced to leave the country, while the rest thought it expedient to embrace Islam.

Much is attempted to be made, to the discredit of Islam, out of this destruction of monks and monasteries. But two things have to be considered in this connexion. We learn from Târanâth that both in Odantapuri and Vikramsilâ the Magadha king had erected fortresses and installed warriors therein, with whom the monks joined in fighting the invader. Further, as Sir P. C. Roy has pointed out, the Monasteries had degenerated into such hotbeds of corruption that the conquerors felt little compunction in putting the resisting immates to the sword(2).

Moreover this kind of destructive barbarian irruption was

(1) *Cf.* R. D. Banerjee's *History of Bengal,* Vol. I., 198 and also *Bangiya Sahitya Parisat Patrika,* iv. 13 for an inscription where the name is mentioned.
(2) *The History of Hindu Chemistry,* Vol. I.

neither suffered alone by India, nor did Islam itself escape its ravages. As Arnold obseves : "there is no event in the History of Islam that for terror and destruction can be compared to the Mongol conquest. Like an avalanche the hosts of Chingiz Khan swept over the cities of Muslim culture and civilisation leaving behind them bare deserts and shapeless ruins where before had stood the stateliest of cities girt about with gardens and fruitful corn land"(1).

Just as Baghdad, the abode of learning, the seat of culture, the eye of the Saracenic world, was ruined for ever, so were Vikramsilâ and Odantapuri, the centres of Buddhistic culture. Nor, in spite of the suggestion of authorities like Kern and Waddel that Buddhism in India met with its death at the hands of these barbarian invaders, does their conquest seem to have been the only cause.

Indian Buddhism, at that time, was no longer the Buddhism of Asoka, but had become Tantrikism,—more or less of demonology,—with but little of spiritual regenerating influence left in it. Even in the time of Nágárjuna who, both by example and precept, taught that Brahmá, Vishnu, Siva, Tárá and other deities, possessed the powers attributed to them by the Brahmanas, Buddhism was gradually leaning towards Orthodox Hinduism which was re-establishing itself.

The Pâla Kings were no doubt Buddhists, and a large number of learned men like Atisa flourished under their patronage. These scholars, however, though professedly belonging to the Tantra cult, in fact rose above it. Nevertheless they could not stop the downward course of Buddhism and of its votaries with whom emancipation had come to be sought more and more through enjoyment of the world.

Another cause was that the Pala kings, though Buddhists, were neither aggressive nor powerful. In Dharmapala's time, a big temple of Vishnu was established at Subbasthali and a *lingam* was set up at Budhgaya itself. At the time of the Mahomedan conquest the temple at Budhagaya had fallen into the hands of Snátakas and had lost all its wealth, though the

(1) Arnold : *The Preaching of Islam*, p. 276. *Cf.* Ameer Ali, *A Short History of the Saracens*, p. 397 and 398.

other monasteries were teeming with it, so much so, that Muhammad Ibn Bakhtyar did not think it even worth while to attack it, showing that religious zeal had nothing to do either with his conquest, or with the destruction which followed.

It is a curious fact that all these three Universities,—Nâlandâ, Vikramasilâ and Odantapuri,—were situated at a distance from the capital or capitals of Magadha. What was the reason, I venture to think that the true answer has been given by the great Rabindranath in his *Tapovana* :

A most wonderful thing that we notice in India is, that here the forest, not the town, is the fountain-head of all its civilisation.

Wherever, in India, its earliest and most wonderful manifestations are noticed, we find that men have not come into such close contact as to be rolled or fused into a compact mass. There, trees and plants, rivers and lakes, had ample opportunity to live in close relationship with men.

In these forests, though there was human society, there was enough of open space, of aloofness ; there was no jostling. Still, this aloofness did not produce inertness in the Indian mind ; rather it rendered it all the brighter. It is the forest that has nurtured the two great ancient ages of India, the Vedic and the Buddhistic.

As did the Vedic Rishis, Lord Buddha also showered his teaching in many woods of India. The royal palace had no room for him, it is the forest that took him into its lap. The current of civilisation that flowed from its forests inundated the whole of India.

IMPRESSIONS OF KATHIAWAR

By L. K. Elmhirst.

Few countries in the world offer to the student such a wealth of variety of scene, people, and custom as India. No geographical boundaries can be set to these variations and the longer a man lives in touch with the village life of India the more ready he becomes to look upon each individual village as a little storehouse of human interest, as a museum of the past and as a unit which must be dealt with upon its own merits,—not lumped together with the others as the dwelling place of the "masses."

In one square mile, in one out of the way corner of Bengal, exist three distinct types of village, each with its own language inside the home, each with its own social customs and historical tradition; and so great is the variation, even between villagers of the same language and culture, that the wise student of village problems is rarely willing to generalise at all, and the reformer is still more careful to remove the shoes of his panacea for all ills, before treading upon the holy ground of the Indian village community.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of modern India is that the eyes and minds of these to whom will come the responsibility of governing their own country are hermetically closed to the facts of their own native land. The history and life of India are locked in her villages and her places of pilgrimage and each village is a volume in itself. Text-book and class-room form a prison out of which, even though his home be in a village, the Indian boy rarely escapes. And yet travel can be so easy in India, camping such a delight, the hospitality of the village so lavish, that undiscovered mines of treasure lie within the grasp of teacher and student who will break down the prison bars and wander forth to learn.

It is hardly fair to attempt anything but a guide-book description of life and scenes in Kathiawar after less than a month's visit spent mostly in the train or the city. Yet each day opened

up new vistas of the past, new problems needing careful handling in the future and new evidence worthy of scholarly research. Specially for one whose main taste lies in carrying on research into the causes of the break-down of rural life, and who is attempting to discover means of prevention, alleviation, or cure, the problems of Kathiawar are of compelling interest.

From the moment of entering the narrow-gauge compartment at Viramgam, conversation with citizens, officials and peasants alike, always opened on the subject of the existing water shortage and of the insufficient rainfall of the last three years. After visiting some six states the impression that a country-wide famine had arisen, of a seriousness and frequency hitherto unknown, was vividly confirmed.

It is now forty-three years since the railway was laid down in Kathiawar. During that time it has paid to cut down and carry off the existing timber, whilst little attempt has been made to conserve or to replant the age-old forests. Whether the existence of large areas of forest actually affects the condensation of atmospheric moisture (and thus the supply of rain measured in inches) has not yet been fully proved. But that forest has a two-fold influence upon the water supply of the area it covers is not in doubt at all. At the same time as it prevents direct evaporation from the soil by forming a barrier against the sun's rays and acting as a cooling layer to the surface of the earth, it holds in place the water that has already fallen and, by adding an annual layer of organic material to the poorest and rockiest soil surface, it enriches the soil for further production.

Once the trees are gone and the goats and cattle have free range, the sun's rays fall direct upon the soil, and the cooling layer of forest growth gives place to an oven-like atmosphere. Moisture is extracted from the surface soil to a depth which interferes seriously with the water supply in shallow wells and, worse still, when the rain does fall it is no longer held by the trees, the leaves, the roots and the organic material, but rushes away carrying the best part of the soil with it, leaving only a barren waste which is good for neither man nor beast and almost impossible to reclaim.

With careful felling and timber removal and with strict enforcement of rules forbidding grazing over newly felled areas, Indian forest can recover with little extra exenditure; but, except for a few areas in Junagrah, in Nawanagar, and in Baroda territory, none of these precautions have been taken.

The states of Bhavnagar and Palitana are somewhat better off than the rest in the matter of soil fertility and trees grow more luxuriantly there than in the upland areas. These last mentioned states seem to have suffered less than the rest from shortage of rainfall during the last twenty years, but scarcity of water during the last six years has become a regular scourge instead of an occasional phenomenon in Rajkot, Limbdi, Wadhwan and the upland states, whilst the wholly deforested coast line state of Porbandar is in very serious difficulties.

Parts of Nawanagar, where a definite policy of forest preservation has been adopted, are less affected. Junagarh, with much of its forest still intact has suffered hardly at all in the last few years. Bhavnagar and Palitana are somewhat short of water this year but were not seriously affected last year.

In the history of rural disintegration it is probably true that, before the coming of the industrial city with its feeder railroads, famines, though perhaps frequent, were less noticed. Forest in itself is something of an insurance and country people can adapt themselves to conditions of scarcity or suffer in silence. But the moment the city grows up in a poor-soil area such as Kathiawar it must grow at the expense of soil fertility and country folk in general, and thereupon the existence of famine is much more loudly registered by the city people who are cut off from their supplies of cheap food and cheap raw materials for their factories.

The destruction of forest immediately cuts down the population of graziers and herdsmen and increases the cost of milk and milk products for the city, just as the setting up of a factory industry in the city, though of immediate benefit to the state revenue, tends to disturb the farming industry in the fields and to send up the price of labour. Here must arise the question as to the advisability of the States stimulating and fostering industries rather than factory production in towns, and building

up a sound and healthy rural life rather than the unsound and unhealthy conditions of the modern city.

It is unusual, however, for the city business man or the State Revenue Department to realise that in the field of nature of farming, foresting and grazing, profits come slowly over a long period of years, in a cycle which may easily be upset by the sudden demand for rapid turnover and quick profits.

The country-side can give sure and large returns over long periods, but money invested therein is in the nature of a long-time investment and profit depends upon a close and reverent co-operation with Nature. Desecration of her shrine never goes unpunished; and though Kathiawar may repent in dust and ashes, of which there is likely to be plenty during the coming years, she will find it exceedingly difficult, and over large areas even impossible, to remedy her past short-sightedness.

There is a growing tendency, too, among rulers and city people to follow the disastrous policy of the West and to put implicit faith in the development of factory and city industry at the expense of the farming and village tradition,—in the exploitation of raw materials and minerals and in the rapid expansion of the country town. This the nature of the soil does not fully justify, and the resulting disintegration of the rural life is thus being hastened on. History shows that the profits of such an alteration of the balance, accrue not to the country, not to the village, nor even to the country town or the State capital, but to the better organised businesses and larger factories of Bombay and Ahmedabad.

The State of Cutch is accused of being retrogressive, of leaving its gold unmined, its forts undeveloped and its country untouched by the railroad. But, for the farmer, the labourer and the herdsman, a silver rupee buys just twice as much of the necessities of life as for the population of Kathiawar across the border. Cutch has sacrificed the possibility of development (too often another word for exploitation) and of immediate profits for the sake of a stable life in her countryside, where the poorest may reap the benefit of their labour.

Most serious of all the problems of Kathiawar is the gradual deterioration of live-stock that is following in the wake of rural

disintegration. No country can have a finer capital than that which lies invested in its livestock, and Kathiawar has good reason to be proud of her inheritance from the past in this respect. Upon her livestock depends that vigour and those manly qualities, as well as those gifts of artistic creation, for which Kathiawar has been so famous in the past. The dual-purpose Gir cow is as fine an animal as there is for milk and draught, and with a little scientific breeding it can give, as the experiment at Junagarh shows, as good results as the pure bred stock of the West.

But good livestock is dependant upon a good supply of fodder and human care. Fodder is becoming conspicuous by its absence as the forests disappear, and as the merchants hold out large profits in the form of rupees to farmers who will devote their whole farm to cotton growing. Cheap labour and animal husbandry are being drawn off into the new mills, mines and factories.

Hitherto there has been ample grazing, and these cows, with the help of two very fine breeds of buffalo, have served to supply the people with an abundance of good milk, of pure ghee and consequently of excellent health. It would be hard to find a healthier, stronger, hardier race than that of the Kathiawar herdsmen and shepherds, nor a more cultured and intelligent farmer peasantry. In addition there are two distinct types of goat, both kept for milk purposes, as well as a fine breed of sheep which gives woollen garments to the populace. Except in Palitana and Bhavnagar, very little attempt has been made to keep pure the original breed of Kathiawar horse, an animal that it would be hard to beat anywhere else in India.

Unfortunately this vast source of living wealth, the finest wealth that any country can boast of, and the bedrock of all rural prosperity, is condemned, apparently for the first time in history, to start upon the same journey of deterioration as the ancient breeds over much of British India have already travelled where the forests and jungle have disappeared and have taken the old grazing grounds with them. Jowar stalks and cotton seed are never likely to provide the strength and vigour that the seasons of plentiful rainfall and unlimited grazing gave in past years.

In Bengal and Bihar, which once had their fine milking goats and cows, the destruction of the grazing and the failure to grow any compensating fodder crop, have completed this process of destruction and decay. Goats are kept for the purpose of manure, and no longer for milk; sheep, not for their wool so much as for their manure; and neither are truly economical. In few other places in India is it still possible to get such pure ghee or such good milk as in Kathiawar, or to find either so liberally supplied at the railway stations. Already, as one State after another opens its factories, its mills, or its quarries, the hardy yeoman and shepherd stock is finding its way to the towns where the increase in money wages attracts, but hardly compensates, for the rise in the price of living, and the attainment of crowded and unhealthy conditions.

The good farmer has a way of treating his live stock like members of his own family. In the coming year the villages of Kathiawar are likely to be filled with mourners as the cattle die, or are sold for the value of their hides and bones. This too the city will hardly understand. There will be famine relief,—let us hope plenty of it. At the same time, the showering of charity upon a rural population, as the Bengal Flood Relief showed, does not really meet the situation and inevitably tends to demoralise a people never before accustomed "to beg from any man". No State in Kathiawar can afford to omit preventive schemes that may seem expensive at the moment, that will not perhaps give a return for a long period of years, but that will hold in them some sure remedy for rebuilding on a firm basis the economic life of the rural population.

Both Bhavnagar and Palitana and especially the Baroda territory have interesting and well worth-while experiments in reforestation with Babul. There is plenty of room for these, and once the Babul is well established, it may be possible to go ahead with the more expensive establishment of permanent timber. Plots should be set apart straight away, and if no fence is possible, or if the expense is thought prohibitive, the strictest

watch should be kept, and the severest laws passed against grazing goats on those areas.

Each year for ten to fifteen years a new plot should be added, sown and fenced so as to establish a permanent rotation. The return, either in timber over a long period, or in firewood and bark over a shorter time, and in superior grazing once the trees have grown beyond the harmful reach of a goat, is such, that, quite apart from the added value in conservation of soil wealth, the prevention of erosion and the possible improvement of rainfall, the experiment should easily pay its way.

Every practicable step should be taken to see that the farmers and graziers are stimulated and assisted in their business. The granting of credit facilities to farmers, the initiation of different forms of co-operation or the training of the school children on a rural rather than on a city basis,—any one of these may be tried with advantage. Experiments in the feeding and breeding of stock, in the introduction of new crops, in the taking up of waste land and in the use of improved implements should be encouraged all through the countryside.

In spite of the taunts of city friends at such an apparently wasteful expenditure of capital, Mr. Zala's farm close to the city of Bhavnagar is a standing example of what can be done with salt and waste land by the use of common and business acumen. Each year shows an increasing return upon capital invested six year ago, so that, in spite of the pioneer nature of the work, this farm is probably the finest experimental and demonstration farm in all Kathiawar.

Mr. Zala's father was forced by circumstances to take up land which no ordinary cultivator would have dared to touch, and which, like thousands of acres of similar land in Kathiawar, is now left untilled to be slowly eroded and gullied until it is good for nothing. By careful bund construction, not only was the erosion stopped and the land levelled, but the best soil was rapidly collected and deposited on the farm from neighbouring areas in the rainy season. With the help of the Western steel plough which cuts deeper, inverts the soil and buries the weeds and organic growth under the surface, the salt lands were in a few years turned into fertile, crop-producing fields.

Soils vary in Kathiawar. A black cotton soil is most usual, but it would be well worth while trying to find out other profitable crops to replace the soil exhausting cotton, which is grown too extensively and too often to be healthy or safe for the future. It is well to remember that a crop giving the highest immediate return in rupees is not always the most profitable in the long run for the farmer or his live stock, or the soil. As is abundantly illustrated by the rapid erection of miils in Bombay and Ahmedabad, the construction of merchant palaces in those cities, and the 100 per cent. or even 200 per cent. profits in the cotton industry, the farmer only gets a very small percentage of the real worth of his cotton crop over a period of years.

Cash is not always wealth to the farmer at all. Last year the farmers of Wadhan made good money on their cotton crop, but found, when the fodder famine fell upon them, that they could not convert that money into any form which would save their cattle from starvation and keep up the ample supply of milk which is the mainstay of their health. The farmer, in fact, except in his dealings with nature, is at the mercy of the market and the brain of the city man. It is here that the States should study his need and give him every support.

Water shortage is going to be a serious problem for some years to come, and therefore, as in parts of Bengal where the old water-storage tanks have fallen into disrepair, recourse must be had to well boring. In Nawanagar the government experimental farm is apparently entirely out of commission owing to lack of water, yet it is admitted that, over large areas, the farmer with a well can make and is making a fair living where his well-less neighbour is being starved out. Water at a moderate depth is plentiful and therefore justifies liberal State expenditure upon wells, in a State where there are not more than 2.5 wells per square mile.

It will not perhaps be out of place to mention here the experience of a recent visit to Sabarmati, an experience which gives additional weight to the above conclusions. Contact with village life has opened up lines of experiment there which are destined to be of the greatest significance in the rebuilding of rural life in India, and to lend variety to a programme which has

sometimes been criticised as being not too well adapted to the sufferings and troubles of the farmer.

If the apostles of Sabarmati are able to extend to the village their common-sense and profitable method of sanitation; their successful planting of babul; their scientific storage of cow manure, solid and liquid, in pucca pits with roof protection; their care and breeding of pure Gir cattle; as well as the results of their many researches in the field of weaving, spinning, ginning, carding and dyeing, a new day is likely to dawn on their countryside. Their Babul sowings, properly fenced against goats for the first year, have produced, not only firewood, but saleable timber within only three years of planting. Their working type of village latrine represents the maximum of profit in garden produce, with the minimum of danger from flies and disease. Not one of their schemes is costly, and few villages in India can afford to neglect them.

To return to Kathiawar, nothing perhaps was so striking as the wealth of beauty and artistic creation which flourishes still in its villages and which seems to spring from the very soil itself,—a wealth of which the dwellers in the cities seem almost unaware.

Cheap stamped patterns from abroad already tend to oust and destroy the *bandni* work for which Kathiawar is justly famous. Each dot in the intricate pattern must be wound and knotted by hand before the cloth is dyed, to obtain the desired effect. This is an industry which needs every encouragement, for no machine-made product can ever compete with the freshness and variety of the actual handmade article. Kathiawar embroidery, whether of dresses, of blankets, of wall and door coverings, or of table cloths, is such that no merchant or prince need ever go outside his State for the decoration of city, home or palace. The sense and love of colour visible in the bodices, the shawls with their unique stamped patterns, and the swinging skirts of the women, flashing in the sun from their bits of inserted glass, shows an artistic tradition of which any nation might be proud.

In the Kathiawar country, no useful article is deprived of the privilege of serving as a thing of beauty as well. The farmer's shoe has its shapely turn of toe and heel with an artistic brass insertion; the four-legged wooden support on which swings the baby's cloth hammock outside the cottage door, is carved with a pattern as significant as that on the wooden stand for the earthnware water-jars, or the wooden frame holding the family grindstone. What other place in India can boast of such brass-bound treasure-chests, or carved babul carts, built to last a hundred years?

Kathiawar is an inexhaustible mine of that artistic expression which, whether conscious or not, tends to make life fuller, happier and so much more liveable. Typical of their attitude is the determination and very successful effort of the founders of the orphanage in Jamnagar to introduce to the children the manufacture of beautiful articles, not no much because of their utility, as of their intrinsic artistic merit. Is it inevitable that this inspired creation should go the same way as the cottage industries and products of all those other countries which have turned from their rural life to the production and use of machine-made articles in the mass?

This is not intended as a tirade against the modern tendency in industry and city growth, but is rather a repetition of our one appeal, which the sight of such incomparable cities as Kathiawar can boast has only intensified, an appeal to build surely and soundly for the future upon a close co-operation of city and countryside, and to develope those industries which will stimulate and enrich the life of the countryside as well as that of the city, rather than ruthlessly break down the one in order to promote the temporary prosperity of the other.

Kathiawar is blessed with cities each of which has a real individuality of its own, whether in its walls, its temples or its ancient palaces. What ocean port can compare with Porbandar for instance, with her incomparable sea front, her magnificent building stone, and her

> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam;

There is Palitana, the city of shrines and dharamsalas, overshadowed by its temple-crowned hill; and Limbdi with its river

bed and city lake. But it is unfair to draw distinctions, for each State and each Capital has its own peculiar and individual attraction.

Apart from their care for domestic animals, the attitude of Kathiawar is marked by a certain chivalry towards wild animals and birds. In spite of their occasional ravages on the crops, brilliant peacocks innumerable stroll undisturbed through field and village. Where else in the world is there a sanctum for wild animals like the natural park which borders, at Bhavnagar, on the walls of the city itself,—a jungle of grass and babul trees, in area six square miles, where no goats or cows are pastured, and where no life is ever taken,—unfenced and open to the country on three sides yet affording such cover that in the cool of the evening the *nilgai,* the wild boar, the *chinkar* and the black-buck leave their thickets to stroll with the citizens of the neighbouring town in quiet and peace.

Much of the old, much that was spontaneous and beautiful, with perhaps much that led to a somewhat more precarious existence, has gone with the changing times. The fine old vegetable dyes have gone and the aniline dyes from Europe have come to stay. Only here and there survive the paintings which once covered the walls of almost every house. Few are able to read the old Sanskrit manuscripts which can still be run to earth in city and village.

But, at least, some of the old music survives in the villages and finds its way now and then into the cities too,—not the classical singing and playing which, no longer finding royal support, scarcely keeps alive, but the music of the people,—the *Bhajan.* This is truly a family entertainment. Father, mother, brothers, sisters-in-law and children, yes, and even grandmother too, combining, after the day's toil is over, to form the merry party.

Tamburá and *èktárá* open with a simple air, the leader introduces the theme, seconds and thirds take it up, *báñyá* and *tablá* add their volume, and the chorus of *manjirá* players joins in, every member not already busy with some other instrument striking his or her brazen discs together until the resonant bell-

like sound of the pairs of ringing hands joins with the full voiced choir, drums, stringed instruments and *kartál* all helping to raise the roof, or rather the stars, and to make the welkin ring.

As verse follows verse the leader will hand over the *tamburá,* snatch a pair of *manjirás* himself, and whirling them round his head perform every kind of acrobatic feat in time to the general melody; or two men with feet interlocked will engage in a mock struggle never ceasing to clap their *manjirás* as the story progresses. One woman, motionless except for the gentle stir and swing of arms, will snap her *manjirás* together as it were dreaming in a world of her own, while another will perform lightning feats with arm and hand, untwining the cotton cords from her fingers and swinging her *manjirás* as the shepherds do their slings, yet always catching the two together on the beat.

For a time the whole family is transformed into an uproarious company intent apparently upon producing the utmost volume of noise. Yet such is the wonderful combination of string, and bow, of tightened drum, of voice, of bell and of clashing cymbals that the outstanding effect produced is of some sudden transportation to a land beyond, where simple folk have achieved their own Paradise and learnt how to extract the last essence of enjoyment from every-day existence.

Impressions? No. For, as one speeds back to the realm of business, politics and newspapers, there arises the memory of some fairyland, some other world; of feasts of colour and sound and beauty; of far horizons and jagged peaks; of a beating surf and of those fairy boats that for centuries have sailed out of Arabia and Arabian Nights laden with pearls and dates and spices; but above all of friendship, of a quiet kindliness and of an abundant hospitality.

EDUCATION AND RECONSTRUCTION

*A Review.**

By PROF. PATRICK GEDDES.

One of the most suggestive books that lately have come to my hand is V. Branford's "Science and Sanctity." It has truly helped us in our own cause, for its spirit is in harmony with the idea we are trying to develop in Visva-bharati.

Our endeavour, as we have often declared, is to resist the encroachment of the Machine upon life's own fruitful realm, of organised greed into the sanctuary of human relationship. And as we read on through the introduction of this book it gave us courage to realise that individuals in different parts of the world are already busy barricading with their thoughts and dreams the progress of this Monster of the dead soul.

They are but few who genuinely believe in the spiritual meaning of existence; the malignant power of a gluttonous politics and insensate money-making is overwhelming against them and therefore they constantly need mutual sympathy and support. This is why we are grateful to Professor Patrick Geddes for introducing to the readers of this journal the book which is the subject of the following review from his pen.

Rabindranath Tagore.

Only too painfully familiar is that prevalent Indian estimate of "the West"—one perhaps not without too much justification —as hopelessly commercialised, mechanised and materialised, as imperialised, militarised, bureaucratised, and so on. Never have I had this view more clearly stated, yet also answered, than by the Indian students in Edinburgh who had played in our Masque of Learning. Said one of their two leading speakers: "It was very gratifying to us to feel our scenes of Indian history and culture appreciated by great western audiences!" "Yes", added the other, "and the European scenes were also very

*Science and Sanctity by V. Branford, Williams and Norgate, London, 1923.

interesting to us, since enabling us to realise more than we had ever done before, that here in the West you also have a tradition of culture, and are not so exclusively mechanical, military and monetary, as we had supposed".

Thus "the West" for most Indian writers and critics, is essentially represented by its Industrial Revolution of the last century and a half, through which we are plunging still; America now leading, Britain second, and other countries following, India largely also—Bombay, for instance, repeating and accelerating the crude British developments of the past century; as well as Calcutta and the rest.

Yet while America and Britain, and other Western countries likewise, will for a time go on furnishing awful examples to India, readily followed here as all over the Eastern world, it may also be that in this very West, while thus mis-leading others, we are also finding for ourselves the way through, out of, and beyond our Industrial Inferno, and to better things.

Only the other day, in New York, the group of old friends and new, who were giving me a "send off" before sailing, asked me the invariable American question : to give them candidly my impressions of America. I answered candidly indeed :

"I may desribe these in terms of your wonderful Museum of National History, unique in the world for its collection of giant reptiles of the secondary rocks—Dinosaurs without number, up to twenty feet high and eighty or a hundred long, the most formidable mosters Nature has ever brought forth. Yet, about the same time, there was arising a new type of creature, with a new mode of life, characterised by mothering their young, rather than by devouring each other; but which were then so weak and small that they could but dive into their holes when the monsters came by. This is my impression of America again to-day. Monster Mechanosaurs, Mammonosaurs, Millionosaurs, seem to possess the land; while you, the Americans of a new post-mechanical age, and no longer of the pecuniary culture, are small and insignificant among their huge feet, or prey to their huge jaws. Yet fear nothing. Soon now they will be, like the great reptiles, dead and fossilised, and you, like the mammals,

will have your turn, and possess the earth which they tyrannise to-day."

So far, then, by way of independent introduction towards appreciating this very remarkable new book of Victor Branford's, the ripest utterance of that veteran sociologist,—forty years ago the writer's pupil, since life-long friend and collaborator, and now surpassing him. For here is not only the best of pleas for sociology in general, since Herbert Spencer's admirable little "Study of Sociology", but also the clearest statement of that school of social thought which a few of us are seeking to form and spread here in the East as well as in the West.

Particularly interesting should be this book in Santiniketan and Sriniketan, of all places in India; for here is the idealistic attitude so characteristic of the one, the practical reconstructive endeavour of the other. Their purpose of harmony is surely clear, from whichever end of the connecting road one looks: yet even those to whom it is clearest, will be helped by our author's presentment from his own standpoint. For, though remote from India has been his experience, the spirit of meditation in "the cloister", and that of action in the village, the town, the city, are here organically united into one. And not simply as fact and act, but more deeply, as dream and deed,—in which the peasant not only works as of old, for the religious, the philosopher, the poet, but is also inspired by each anew, and to a fresh reconstruction of his life, of which the green leaves again bear flower and fruit.

Such vital reconstruction then, alike of place, of work, of people, is here presented, and more clearly than by any previous writer,—since now definitely and coherently in terms of the higher sciences, those of life and mind, of society and morals. And all these raised to the ideals of life; as these have been discerned of old, and are again being discerned anew here in India by its Poet, turning to his new inspiration of education and of reconstruction; yet also there in London, by its most practical and experienced of sociologists, who has risen beyond the lower sciences and their affairs, to the spiritual transformation of all these and towards a new and better order of society, a new

phase of human progress, post-mechanical, post-financial, post-imperial; because vital and social, regional and civic. In short here is spiritual renewal, inspiring material reconstruction.

In other words, the theme of this life-freshing book is the incipient Vital Revolution, in its deliverance from that tendency of the Mechanical Revolution, of which the great War was the nemesis. The present after-war is thus seen as the arena of this conflict, in which the older system is still only too active, yet in which the newer is waxing not only determined, but clear, towards victory, and this not necessarily too far distant.

Said a wise old pope in his ninetieth year of troubled times; "I have seen three generations of men, and one thing I can tell you of them: they were each characterised by a very different manner of thinking." This new manner of thinking, prepared in the generation past, for the generation now opening, is here in this book more definitely and coherently expressed than heretofore in the separate schools of religion or philosophy, of science art or literature—though all are now showing signs, and even giving worthy expressions of it. For here, for the first time so clearly, all these varied lines of progress are presented together.

Recall the main history of the West. See the growth, development, and decline of Greek and Roman cultures, and next their barbarian overthrow, followed by Christian renewal, so that the Dark Ages flower into the Middle Ages. See, too, how these again give place to the Renaissance, with the Reformation and Counter-reformation: yet how all again decline. See next the Mechanical and Industrial Revolution, now in our time achieving its very climax of magnitude of war, disorder, and human deterioration.

What next? In these pages we have a coherent presentment,—and, as already said, the fullest and clearest so far, preliminary though it yet necessarily must be,—of the New Age; that of the spiritual life, of love, truth and beauty, and thus religious, scientific and philosophical, and also creative in poetry and art.

This many-sided incipient renewal is co-ordinating the higher sciences of life, the organic and social, and subordinating the physical sciences, hitherto dominant, yet now seen as but of life's environment, not life itself. Hence, as each age makes its own material embodiment, so may, even must and does, a fresh embodiment begin to appear anew, in the renewals even now manifest at many points in every country, however undiscerned by its press and politicians of the old order as they essentially remain.

For in this book of vision—and re-vision accordingly, in every sense—not only are many of the past and present movements of the world freshly interpreted, analysed and criticised, but a opening re-synthesis is more than foreshadowed, often even boldly and clearly outlined. Thus the dis-specialisms of the modern University and its schools are here presented anew, as the potential conspecialisms of their opening future. Our author's salient instance is that of the common-sense unity everywhere observable in our social surveys, around our doors, and of our village, our town, our region. Place, work and people are thus united, in such Regional and Civic Survey, into a living and social unity, instead of dismembered arts and dis-specialised sciences.

Witness our dry "Geography" with its maps of places, a still drier "Political Economy" of fuile abstractions,—at their concretest a Mythology of the Market,—in which machine-gods and mammon-gods, in perpetual "Competition", leave us next to that other deadest and falsest of all pseudo-sciences, that would-be "Anthropology" of national prides, based essentially on breadth and length measurements of whole pyramids of skulls. Yet here these three desiccated studies are shown as roused to life, as the three subsciences of a living sociology—of the place, the work, and the folk, in their living and working unity in every village and town.

Next psychology is brought to bear upon these: but no longer that of its arid text-books, dissociated from real life. Here we watch the mind transforming our outward sense to

outward imagery; and this taking form, not only with poet and painter, but even in the design of a better and more beautiful order for place, work and people themselves.

Yet for this dream of a real Eutopia—which shall make the best of things here as we find them, and thus be no longer among the "mere Utopias" of dream—we need a corresponding intellectual renewal. In this, along with the revival of the imaginative life, comes the renewal of that of thought, extricating from all experiences their essential ideas, and thus arousing the University anew, and towards its prime task, of bringing method and order and unity among all the multifarious and discordant specialisms of its past and present.

Thus the modern University, with its studies as little better than an *Encyclopaedia Alphabetica,*—since but *Analytica,* and therefore *Dis-specialistica,* and so in practical result *Chaotica,* —is shown as capable of advance towards the *Encyclopaedia Synthetica* which is and has been the ideal of philosophy in all lands and ages.

What then is this method, what is this principle of renewal and unification, for knowledge, and for education? No longer any one of the many abstractions on which historic systems of philosophy are based, but the conceptions of Life; and in its unity, Life organic and mental, social and moral. How this life-unity is worked out must be left to readers of this book to seek out for themselves; but in this brief summary of its essential contents, one must not fail of its highest element,—that it expresses from title to conclusion,—nothing short of the renewal of religion. This indeed as in the spirit; and as the pervading essence, and creative unity, of life in evolution.

The founder of Sociology, Auguste Comte, a hundred years ago, who to conventional readers—that is to say mis-readers—has been taken (mis-taken) for an inconoclast of religion, has no more characteristic saying than that "man is ever growing more religious." And for this hard saying, as it seems in this age of dogmatic faiths attacked by critical science, the reader will not readily find better evidence than in this book.

Yet let us end as we began and even more clearly, by describing it as the completest of guide-books, hitherto, for the road between Santiniketan and Sriniketan. That is between the first as a "cloister" of renewing thought of all kinds,—and in unifying endeavour towards what may well become one of the truest Universities of the opening future,—and the corresponding reconstructive endeavours, in whose widening work place after place shall renew to beauty, its work to happy productivity, and its folk towards their individual and social best. Each place may thus more progressively "work" its folk, as its folk discern and learn more fully to work their place—in sympathy, and thus in polity, united as Etho-polity; and this with synthesis of science and experience, and thus healthful and productive synergy; and all with visioned clearness towards true and beautiful achievement, that of reconstruction, alike of the world without and the world within.

In conclusion then, since the recent writer is privileged to help with the planning of Visva-bharati, the new University, he ventures to invite all interested in contributing their part—be this great or small—to its life and efficiency, to read this book, difficult, since strange, as it may at first seem, and see if it be not, on one side, a vital contribution to education, that of self as well as of others; and also if it be not, so far, the clearest of western expressions of that very spirit of actual concrete, practical planning from University and school to region and village, town and city; and thus of encouragement and suggestion to these—the conjoined tasks of Santiniketan and Sriniketan.

WORLD-MOTHER.

(From the Sanskrit).

By MOHINIMOHAN CHATTERJEE.

Plenitude of Godhead, World-mother,
Formless, all-formed,
Limitless, portionless, destroyer of
Diversity,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Creatrix of name and form,
Thyself without form and name,
Self-radiant, by speech unspoken,
Beautifier of the void,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

As Thine own work art Thou form'd,
Thou, Mother of the Universe,
Formless as the cause art Thou,
Our Father seen and yet unseen.
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Casting aside corporeal thought,
Thou art impartite Bliss,
For Thee, within without are naught,
Alone, only, one art Thou,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

Mother of all, may Thy children,
Freed of the brute in heart,
See all in God and God in all,
Thou, Father, Lord, Spirit pure,
Salutation on salutation unto Thee.

NOTES

The First Anniversary of Sriniketan

(*The Visva-bharati Department of Rural Reconstruction.*)

President's Opening Address.

The ideal which is in the heart of the spiritual endeavour in India is *mukti,* freedom. On the occasion of the anniversary of Sriniketan I take this opportunity to explain it.

The meditation text which was given to me when I was a boy is composed of three different sentences from three Upanishads. It has been the guiding light in my own spiritual path towards the attainment of inner freedom. At first it was only for recitation and its meaning was merely philological. With the growth and experience of life its deeper significance is being gradually unfolded to me.

The text is : **Satyam Jnanam Anantam Brahma, Anandarupamamritam Yadvibhati; Shantam Shivam Advaitam.** *Brahma is Truth, He is Wisdom, He is infinite ; He is revealed in deathless forms of Joy; He is peaceful, good; He is one.*

We are born with the consciousness of one truth which for us is the background of our knowledge of all truths. It is the truth about *myself* which consists of an inner reality having its outer manifestations. The manifestations can be proved and measured, but not the inner reality which gives them their unity. There have been some according to whom the diverse facts of the movements of *myself* are all that is real, and not the truth in me which is one. But for me, it does not require any help from logic for realising the *satyam,* for proving the *One* which comprehends all the facts of my life and transcends them.

By the indwelling light of this truth I know that the world to which I belong, and which consists of endless series of movements, has its Truth which is one, and which gives reality to the innumerable facts of the universe. When we realise this

Truth we have our joy, for in it we find the eternal harmony of our own reality.

In a number of cases we ignore the truth of a man and only deal with the facts about him. The man who sells his things to me is a mere fact for myself, the man whom I employ as my servant is a bundle of certain facts which are useful for particular facts of my own life. *Through* them I find some satisfaction of my needs, but I find no joy *in* them. For joy comes to us only when we realise the harmony of *satyam* (truth) in us, with the *satyam* in others. This happens with regard to those we love in whom we are directly aware of the fundamental truth which is being constantly manifested in their life, and thus realise our spiritual affinity. Their outer activities may not be valuable for our life purposes, nay even be a hindrance. They, however, have their ultimate value for us in that they *are,* that they are the embodiment of a truth which is also within me.

It is open to us to treat this world as though consisting of facts not related to a truth having affinity with the truth we carry in our own personality. In that case we may still make use of it and thereby even grow rich and powerful; but therein we find no fulfilment of our spirit. In such relationship we do not realise that freedom which gives us joy. For, our true freedom is not in the negation of bonds, but in the truth of that relationship wherein we have not to abide as aliens. In the region of Nature we take our part in a perpetual tug of war with all else,—the struggle for existence; in the realm of Spirit we realise our sympathy of kinship with the Supreme whom we meet where we are one. In that union is truth, for Brahma is *Satyam* (Truth); in that union is *mukti* (freedom).

The Truth in us not only *is,* but it *knows.* Therefore it has its manifestation of outer movements, its conscious unity of purpose. In the light of this we realise that the *satyam* which is revealed in this universe is also *Jñánam;* it is the eternal reality of knowledge. We would not know anything if the knowing were not there in all that is and happens, if the world-movements were not related in a rational co-ordination of wisdom. We can thus only have our freedom when in our

relationships we have wisdom. For this we have to extend our knowledge, widen our experience and control our self-seeking impulses. As *jñánam* (wisdom) is the attribute of Brahma, the supreme truth, we realise it in our relationships where they express the disinterested greatness of the eternal. Thereby we reach our freedom.

Finally, the truth in us not only *is* and *knows,* but it finds its *joy* in expressing itself, in giving itself out. Our true expression comes from the consciousness of our abundance. Our self is the limitation we carry in and about us.

If this self were absolutely real by itself then it would be the height of folly on our part to curtail it in any way. But as a matter of experience we find that the expression of all our highest delights seeks some form of the giving up of self; in fact the degree of our realisation of truth is gauged by the degree of our self renunciation. Our knowledge creates its great concepts of science and philosophy, not through the compulsion of immediate needs, but through the joy of its fulness. Therefore we see that seekers of truth in all its departments are so often forgetful of their material self-interest. The cavemen of the prehistoric age, in ornamenting the stone walls of their dwellings with pictures of animals, must have spent a great deal of their time and energy which could have been more practically employed in hunting those animals.

Whatever work we do, urged by the needs of our self, may be constructive, but not creative. When a man of genius produces his works primarily for the purpose of expressing some ideal of perfection, be it in forms, in ideas, or in service, he gives expression to his consciousness of the infinite. Hence we realise from our own inner experience that Brahma is not only *Satyam* and *Jñánam,* but He is *Anantam* (infinite) otherwise all our endeavours in the higher region of creative work and life, of love and self sacrifice, would lose their basis of reality.

The next part of our text is **Anandarúpamamritam Yadvibháti,** —*Brahma reveals himself in deathless forms of joy.* Our own best creations also have this deathless form of joy, because they

are the outcome of the joy which accompanies our consciousness of the perfect.

The concluding part of our text is: **Shantam, Shivam, Advaitam,**—*He is the Peaceful, the Good, the One.* The Supreme Being, who is *satyam, jñánam, anantam Brahma* in his manifestation, assumes three aspects which run parallel to his three attributes.

In the region of existence Peace comes out of that harmony which is maintained by law and order. In the human world this law and order gives us the outward freedom needed for the external process of our daily existence.

In the higher realm of *Jñánam,* the ideal of perfection is in the inner harmony of conscious relationship, its character is goodness. In law we find the freedom of peace in the external world of existence, in goodness we find our freedom in the world of social relationship. Such freedom is possible, because supreme Truth is *shántam, shivam.*

Brahma is also *Advaitam,* He is one. This we know when we realise the highest freedom of spirit in our union of love.

Freedom proves itself truly when it can afford to accept bondage, when its activities are no burden, its responsibilities are joyful. The activities of the world are beautiful because there is the peace of law in its heart, through which it finds its rhythm,—the rhythm, the balance which is the external aspect of freedom.

In all revelation of genuine goodness in human society there is that grace which gives responsibility its dignity and sweetness; in such grace our activities find their freedom. In love an infinite deal of troubles lose their pressure and we willingly bear their burden to prove the freedom that our spirit realises when it finds itself united to others across the limits of self. This is possible because Brahma is *advaitam,* is One.

As individuals, each of us has the unity of a living organism, distinct in himself. As social beings we are parts of a complex organism called humanity. As spiritual being we belong to a Reality which is *ánandam* (joy) which is love, which is all-comprehensive.

The individual living organism has its need and its faculties for self-preservation. In the education of man there should be room for training him for the perfect maintenance of his individual life. Otherwise not only does he become helpless but the faculties atrophy that are for his self-preservation, the exercise of which gives him the true enjoyment of life. Generally speaking, in our education this training of how to live our physical life is neglected; therefore we miss the *Shántam* (the peaceful) in the self-reliant freedom of a well organised existence.

The adjustment of our individual with our social life, and these with the vast life of man, needs for its training the spirit of mutual responsibility. In our educational institutions this hardly finds its place. The discipline of self control and good behaviour is no doubt recognised, but the service of society requires information, experience and the exercise of a number of physical, moral and intellectual faculties. The result of such deficiency in our education we find everywhere in our surroundings in the form of poverty, disease, ignorance, feebleness of intellect and will, and also in that aggressive spirit of egotism and self assertion, associated with the cultivation of sectarianism, institutionalism and nationalism, that creates in the human world the worst form of dissension and spiritual blindness. Owing to this lack of training in sympathy, man suffers from that lack of true freedom in his social life which comes from a general welfare with a widespread atmosphere of mutual sympathy and co-operation.

I have said before that the world viewed as a mere external fact does not delight us; that unless we know that it has a fulness of reality for its background and foundation, our relation with it becomes merely utilitarian. When the conscious of our own spiritual being does not find its harmony in the universe it loses faith in itself and urges us to put all our resources into the pursuit of self-interest. Ordinarily our education does nothing to train our mind for realising our spiritual relationship with the supreme Truth. For want of this training we fail to develop the spirit of detachment which gives us that large atmosphere wherein our inner being finds its dwelling, and space and leisure for its fulfilment in creation. Our creations of science,

philosophy, art and literature can have their fulness of growth only under this sky of detachment.

It is sometimes objected that such creations are mere abstractions. That may be so. But Music is none the less valuable because of the fact that it is not the voice of concrete life. It grows apart from life's noises in its own disinterested realm of delight. By reason of that abstraction, that aloofness, it acquires the power to enrich life. Owing to its distance and freedom the vapour that forms clouds can send its rain back to earth, making its air sweet and soil fertile. Our knowledge, feelings and experience, at one stage of their progress, are abstracted from life, transported into the bosom of the eternal, and, there purged of all that is non-essential, sent back to life with the velocity of new impact needed for the rousing of latent forces. The minds of those, who in the pursuit of immediate needs constantly cling close to the soil of life, grow dull. Mind in order to discover its freedom of outlook must soar into the upper air of abstraction, swim in the very heart of the infinite for the mere joy of it, and then come back to its world nest.

In all great civilisations there is the cycle of sending up the adventurous mind into the upper and wider space and then bringing it down back to solid ground. The solid earth is suffocated to death if it loses its atmosphere, indefinite and unsubstantial though it be, through which it must have its communication with air and light. So also must the human world have its atmosphere of detachment, which never has for its immediate object the production of necessities, but the function of giving life to the creations that express the unlimited in man in the province of his thought, emotion and will.

Our ideal should be to make ample provision in our bringing up for the development of our spiritual relationship with the Supreme Being which gives us freedom in all departments of life knowing full well that life divested of its consciousness of the infinite breeds only slavery in diverse forms under the appearance of liberty. Allow me to quote in this connection what I have said elsewhere while discussing my plan of an ideal Educational Institution:

The one abiding ideal in the religious life of India has been *Mukti*, the deliverance of man's soul from the grip of self, its communion with the Infinite Soul through its union in *ânanda* with the universe. This religion of spiritual harmony is not a theological doctrine to be taught, as a subject in the class, for half an hour each day. It is the spiritual truth and beauty of our attitude towards our surroundings, our conscious relationship with the Infinite, and the lasting power of the Eternal in the passing moments of our life. Such a religious idea can only be made possible by making provision for students to live in infinite touch with nature, daily to grow in an atmosphere of service offered to all creatures, tending trees, feeding birds and animals, learning to feel the immense mystery of the soil and water and air.

Along with this, there should be some common sharing of life with the tillers of the soil and the humble workers in the neighbouring villages; studying their crafts, inviting them to the feasts, joining them in works of co-operation for communal welfare ; and in our intercourse we should be guided, not by moral maxims or the condescension of social superiority, but by natural sympathy of life for life, and by the sheer necessity of love's sacrifice for its own sake. In such an atmosphere students would learn to understand that humanity is a divine harp of many strings, waiting for its one grand music. Those who realise this unity are made ready for the pilgrimage through the night of suffering, and along the path of sacrifice, to the great meeting of Man in the future, for which the call comes to us across the darkness.

Life, in such a centre, should be simple and clean. We should never believe that simplicity of life might make us unsuited to the requirements of the society of our time. It is the simplicity of the tuning-fork, which is needed all the more because of the intricacy of strings in the instrument. In the morning of our career our nature needs the pure and the perfect note of a spiritual ideal in order to fit us for the complications of our later years.

In other words, this institution should be a perpetual creation by the co-operative enthusiasm of teachers and students growing with the growth of their soul ; a world in itself, self-sustaining, independent, rich with ever-renewing life, radiating life across space and time, attracting and maintaining round it a planetary system of dependent bodies. Its aim should lie in imparting life-breath to the complete man, who is intellectual as well as economic, bound by social bonds, but aspiring towards spiritual freedom and final perfection.

The Ceremony.

The following Vedic *mantrams* were uttered (in translation) by the Director and the Heads of Sections, and the responses made by the staff and students, assembled on a stadium decorated with *alponas,* the villagers and guests gathered around.

Leader: **Yathá dyauscha prithivícha na vibíto na rishyatah,**
Evá me prána má vibheh.

Response: Like Heaven and Earth that neither fear nor are injured, my life, never fear!

Response: **Má vibheh,** Never fear!

Leader: **Yatháhascha rátricha na vibhíto na rishyatah,**
Evá me prána má vibheh.

Leader: Like day and night that neither fear nor are injured, my life, never fear!

Response: **Mávibheh,** never fear!

Leader: **Yathá bhútam cha bhavyam cha na vibhíto na rishyatah,**
Evá me prána má vibheh.
Like the time past and the time to come that neither fear nor are injured, my life, never fear!

Response: **Má vibheh,** never fear!

Leader: **Imá yá pañcha pradisho mánavíh pañcha krishtayah,**
Vrishte shápam nadíriveha sphátim samávahán.
Like a river after a shower carrying its flood, may all races and quarters of the sky carry their fulness.

Response: **Sphátimihasumávahán,** May all races carry their fulness!

Leader: **Udutsam shatadháram sahasradháramakshitam,**
Evásmákedam dhányam sahasradháramakshitam.
Like a fountain that is never exhausted in a hundred, nay even in a thousand streams, may our store of grain never be exhausted in a thousand outpourings!

Response: **Astu sahasradháramakshitam,** May our stores never be exhausted in a thousand outpourings!

Leader: **Sam sam sravantu pashavah samashváh samupurusháh,**
Sam dhanyasya yá sphátih samsravyena hávisha juhomi.
Hither may all creatures come, horses and men in a united stream; here let the plenty that is of the harvest be heaped.

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*These were called **Sámmanasya-Mantra,** *mantrams* of the Unity of Spirit.

Response: **Samsravyena havishá juhomi,** We offer this: this the invocation of union.

Response: **Samvo manámsi samvratá samákútirnamámasi,**
Amí ye vivratásthana tán vah samnamayámasi.
Ye who are distracted, may we incline you towards one mind, one cause, one aspiration.

Response: **Sámmanasyam sadástunah,** Incline us towards one mind one cause, one aspiration.

Leader: **Aham gribhámi manasá manámsi**
reta, mamachittamanuchittebhi
Ihedasátha na parogamátheryo gopoh pushtapatirva ájat.
May I gain your minds with my mind; come to my heart with the fellowship of hearts. May you dwell here together never falling asunder. Let a mighty leader, a lord of nourishment, gather you here together.

Response: **Iryo gopoh pushtapatirna ájat,** Let some mighty leader, some lord of nourishment, gather you here together.

Leader: **Sahridayam Sámmanasyamavidvesham krinomi vah,**
Anyo anyam abhiharyata vatsam játamivághnya.
May you through me become gracious and friendly to each other, free from mutual hatred. Serve each other even as the cow serves her new born calf with care.

Response: **Anyo anyam abhiharyámah,** Let us serve each other even as the cow serves her new born calf with care.
Ma bhrátá bhrátaram dvikshan ma svasáramutasvasá,
Samyanchah savratá bhútvá vácham vadata bhadrayá.
May brothers never hate brothers, nor sisters hate sisters. May you possess a kindred spirit and a common cause. Speak words with good will.

Response: **Vácham vadema bhadrayá,** May we possess a kindred spirit and common cause. May we speak words with good will.

Leader: **Sadhrinán vah samanashkrinomi ekashnushtín**
samvananena sarván,
Devá ivámritam rakshamánáh sáyamprátah
saumanaso vo astu.
May I, with the feeling of friendliness, help you to become comrades united in mind and in enjoyment. Be like gods who day and night protect their draught of Ever-lasting

Life. Let your love be like their love.

Response: **Saumanaso no astu,** Let our love be like their love.

Leader: **Svasti mátra uta pitre no astu**
Svasti gobhyo jagate purushebhya,
Vishvam subhútam suvidatram no astu
Devah sa nah subhútameha vakshat.
Let there be well being for our fathers and for our mothers, for our kine, for all men and for all the world. Let the universe carry for us welfare and wisdom. May God bring here to us our welfare.

Leader: **Devah sa nah subhutameha vakshat,** May God bring here to us our welfare.

President: **Prithiví shantirantaríksham shanti dyaushanti**
Apah shantiroshadhayah shantirvanaspatayah shanti
Vishveme deváh shantih sarve me Deváh shantih
Shantih shantih shantibhih.
Tabhih shantibhih sarvashantibhih
Shamayámoham yadiha ghoram
yadiha krúram yadiha pápam
Tacchántam tacchivam sarvameva shamastu nah.
Let peace reign over the earth and sky: Let it spread upon the waters, in the fields and forests: let the divine powers in the universe be for our peace. Let me, with the peace which is for all, tranquilise whatever is terrible and cruel into the serene and the good. Let peace come to us through the All.

All: **Sarvameva shamastunah,** Let peace come to us though the All.

VISVA-BHARATI BULLETIN

I

The Guest-House of India.

[*Speech by Rabindranath Tagore, in reply to the address of the Sáraswats at Santa Cruz (near Bombay.*]

It is a great reward to me when I realise that you, who belong to the west of India acknowledge me and receive me as your own poet. It shows that, through my work, I have done something to unite in a bond of sympathy and love the different parts of India; that I belong not only to Bengal, but also to this Province, where you have the same feeling for me as my own people. There are those who have other vocations. They serve their country and bring wealth to it in their own way. But the poet represents the wealth, which not only belongs to the country in which he has born, but to all countries. Therefore, through the poets and idealists, the country to which they belong is brought into close relationship of love with other countries.

Our Motherland has been suffering from her obscurity. For centuries India did not reveal herself. We are even now too much taken up with our immediate grievances and but display our poverty when we go on complaining about the miseries from which we suffer. But India has its positive side. There is the great spiritual wealth which we have inherited and still possess and that has to be given to the world. If we do give it, then we shall be able to reveal ourselves through our wealth and not through our poverty. This inherited wealth has its responsibilities, for it gives us the power to invite others to share it, and the acceptance of our hospitality is the best honour we can receive from the world.

We know in India that the householder, the *Grihasta,* is honoured when the guest comes to his door. It is not the guest who is under an obligation, as is often assumed in western countries, where it is considered to be a privilege to be asked to become a guest by the host. It is just the contrary with us. It is the host who realises that it is a privilege and honour to be able to receive guests into his house. Therefore, it has been said in our Scriptures: **Atithi devobhava:** The *atithi* (guest) is divine, because he brings to our home the great ideal of the spiritual unity of all human beings. We are tied by a bond of natural affinity to our kinsmen; and when we

serve them, we merely serve ourselves. But when we offer service to our guests, then we offer service to humanity; and the Divine Being comes to our door as *Atithi* claiming that service.

It has been said in the Upanishads, that only they who realise Truth become immortal. Our ancestors did realise that Truth which gives the right to immortality. Therefore they offered their invitation to the whole world to come and share the spiritual wealth which had come to them. They said: "Let all come from all lands." The seer, who realised this great truth exclaimed to the whole world:

Srinvantu vishve'mritasya putráh.....vedáhametam purusham mahántam ádityavarnam tamasah parastát.

"Ye, who are the children of the Immortal, hearken to me, for I have known this, the Supreme Being, the Infinite Personality, from across the darkness."

When the seer of the Upanishads realised this in his own self,—this great Light coming from across the darkness—he did not think that it was only for his own use, he sent out his invitation to the entire human race. He said to all mankind: "Ye are the children of the Immortal."

This invitation has already gone forth from our ancestors. They sent it out to the whole world. Now it is our duty and responsibility to take up that same call of invitation and to ask the world to come to us. We must say once again that the truth which gave immortality had been realised by our forefathers; and this great spiritual wealth we have inherited from them has not perished. The light is not extinct.

And who is to acclaim it to the world but your Poet? If I have done that service, if I have sent out that invitation of India, then I can come to you with a proud heart, and I can claim your help to enable me to build up this guest-house of India at Santiniketan. We all know that the real duty of a *grihasta* remains unperformed, if he makes no provision for his guests. Modern India has hitherto made no provision for those from other lands who are seekers after truth, and come to her door asking for help, who are longing to find spiritual sustenance from the store of wisdom which they believe has come down to us from our ancestors and they have asked it of you through me, whom they took to be your representative. I offered India's invitation to them and they were willing to accept it.

You all know that, in olden times, we had great universities at Nálandá and Takshasilá, where students used to come from China, from Western Asia, and even from Europe. That was a time of great glory to

our Motherland. Now that time has come once more. The opportunity is before us again. Dr. Foulkes, the great archæologist, came to Santiniketan once. He said to me that Europe was going through an *Indian* Renaissance. I thought that he was merely paying me a compliment ; and did not take him at all seriously at that time. But when I went to the continent of Europe, I was fully convinced of the truth of his remark.

The first country which I visited was Holland. Everywhere, in all the great universities, and in other places where I spoke, how keen they were to know something about the solution of the problem of existence which our ancestors offered to the world! In France, in Switzerland,—everywhere I went, it was the same thing. I only wished there had been some of my own countrymen present. It is almost unbelievable, the enthusiasm with which they greeted the message of India that I brought to them. In Germany, I had occasion to meet philosophers and scientists and students, from Heidelburg, Leipzig and other universities. They flocked round me, not to do honour to an individual, but to a poet who represented the ideals of India.

They all came to me and said: "Sir, we have lost our faith in our teachers." They wanted something more satisfying, and they expected that from India. When I realised this, I thought it was my own responsibility and duty to offer them our hospitality, in the name of my Motherland ; and I have done so, to the best of my power.

Therefore now I have come to beg from my countrymen that this *yajña* may be performed by the help of the children of this land. I thank you for whatever gifts you bring to me for our Visva-bharati, not only because that will help me in my mission, but also because it will relieve me personally of a great burden of responsibility and enable me to go back to my own true vocation as a poet. For you must realise that you, who have come to honour me, as your own national poet of India, must give me leisure to pursue my own work as such.

I must be relieved even of Visva-bharati. Visva-bharati belongs to every one of you. It is open to any one to come and take up its burden. You are welcome, because you have the right ; it belongs to you all, and it is only waiting to be owned by you. I hope that a day will come when every one of you will want to say: "It is mine."

You know how the university of Nálandá was started. It was supported by householders. Merchants brought their help in kind, not

merely in money. From every part of India assistance came. I hope that Visva-bharati, which claims to belong to India, will meet with the same good fortune ; that householders of modern India will come to help the Brahmacháris there, and also the scholars who come to it from other parts of the world.

II

The Meaning of Visva-Bharati.

[*Address given by C. F. Andrews on behalf of Vishva-bharati to the students of Travancore, during Rabindranath Tagore's visit.*]

In the first place I wish to represent to you what I feel to be the world situation after the Great War. Secondly, I shall try further to put before you what I think to be the one vital factor in the Indian situation.

With regard to the world situation, I have been taught by Rabindranath, the poet, to believe that we stand at the dawn of a new era in human history. These are very big words to utter; but I truly believe that the late war, with all its world-wide influences, has been a greater historic event than the French Revolution, which shook the whole of Europe and America just a hundred years ago.

The difference between these two great shocks of revolution is this. While the French Revolution affected Europe and America only, the recent war has shaken the whole world. It has broken down the last geographical barriers separating the East from the West. Asia has been stirred almost as much as Europe, though Asia has not suffered as Europe has suffered. Of one thing we can be quite certain to-day. The East is no longer still wrapped in slumber as it was a century ago, at the time of the French Revolution; Asia, from end to end, is restlessly awake.

The war has had two effects. One has been what we may call spiritual Men's minds have been stirred as they have never been stirred before for many generations. Of that I shall speak later. But there is another side that is vitally important. The discoveries of science, owing to the urgency of the war period, have been so accelerated,—especially with regard to inter-communication,—that in five or six years the whole outer world has been changed.

Let me give you one single illustration. When I was a child, I used to pore eagerly over all the maps of the different continents of the world, which were in my father's library. I remember quite distinctly a map of Africa, in which the whole of Central Africa was marked by the one word 'unexplored.' Yet only last year I went by steam-boat, by rail, and by motor car, into the very heart of Central Africa, in order to understand the difficulties of the Indians who are living abroad. I found that in the country, which was marked 'unexplored' in that earlier atlas, you can keep in the closest touch with Bombay and Calcutta, while you go along the main routes. You can also ride swiftly from place to place in a motor car there in the very middle of Central Africa.

The same thing has been effected in every part the world. Everywhere to-day the races are coming into contact with one another with the utmost rapidity. Still further, what is taking place so quickly in the present year is going to happen with still more increased speed during the next five years. The aeroplane unquestionably will soon become the common mode of locomotion. Before you, who are now young men, are fully grown up, you will all of you be flying!

In the same way the telephone can now ring up a city which is on the other side of a continent. Radio-telegraphy has advanced so quickly in in America during the last few months, that even private individuals can get wireless messages from distant places by their own private wireless apparatus. We are assured, at the same time, that very soon actual images of distant living faces, will be made visible upon a sensitive plate and printed off by some process of photo-telegraphy. All these things are occuring in our own times, and this great movement towards the outward intercourse of mankind is advancing with inevitable speed every day.

Here, then, is the picture which I have tried to set before your eyes, in order to illustrate on its physical side the present world situation.

But over against that picture I want to put another fact about the modern world, which is far more serious in its consequences. There is the danger, the ever increasing danger, of the races, after having come together, not really uniting, but rather becoming more and more spiritually divided. The *outward* meeting of the races has been made easy, owing to scientific advances; but when the races have thus come near to one another, their contact has proved to be something like the negative and positive poles of electricity. There is a flash, and a shock, and you see them flying apart.

The modern world, as far as I have seen it,—and I am speaking from a wide experience,—seems to me to be fuller of racial hatred and bitterness between nations than it was before the war. These evils seem somehow to have come out more visibly and openly, like some fatal disease lurking within the body of humanity, which instead of being driven back by the world crisis, has been made more actively acute. The fever is now at its height.

So to-day, throughout the world, we see the beginnings of a new and terrible struggle a new growth of that human callousness, which in India has been called 'untouchability.' All the old problems, which for centuries have been vexing the soul of India, as she has endeavoured to set herself free form race prejudice, are now being reproduced in the larger field of the whole world. That, as far as I can understand it, is the world situation to-day on its spiritual side.

What then can I say about the Indian situation? What is your position in India, face to face with this spiritual menace in the larger world? Can **you** here in Travancore help the world in this impending conflict? Can **you** give the world any forward spiritual impetus which may serve to counteract this new world-evil? Can **you**, from India, send out any massage of love and peace and hope to the whole human race?

No! You cannot, so long as you insist on keeping your own untouchable problem unsolved at home. That is my most serious message to you, and I hope you will heed it. Mahatma Gandhi would have given the same message,—nay, he is giving it through my lips. You cannot send out to the world any spiritual message effectively, while your own untouchability problem remains unregarded. You must either deal with it courageously and help to solve it, or else prove traitors to humanity.

I have told the following two incidents often; but I wish to repeat them to you in their completeness, for they are full of meaning.

In South Africa, I was with Mahatma Gandhi's son, Ramdas, who was very dear to me. One evening we were in Johannesburg Station waiting for the Durban Mail. When it came in, Ramdas went into the compartment to put my hand-bag on my seat. First of all, a young English lad caught hold of him and would have beaten him, if I had not prevented him; and then the European conductor was about to assault him and I had to stop him also.

You may imagine all that I felt, and how my heart was bursting with indignation. This insult was offered simply because Ramdas was an Indian. This carriage was a 'European quarter.' There, in South Africa, the Indian was the 'untouchable.' According to European opinion, the Indian had to be 'segregated'. The whole South African struggle has been fought out by Mahatma Gandhi in order to prevent such 'segregation.'

Now let us turn to another picture. A little time ago, when I came last time with the Poet, to Palghat in Malabar, I went down one of the streets, walking side by side with a young medical student, who had a strikingly intellectual face and gave me great pleasure by his company. He was telling me concerning the difficulties he had encountered while trying to obtain his own medical training. He had even had to stay back for a year in order to earn enough money to continue his studies. When he finished his course, he was determined to go and help his own countrymen and become a doctor in the Malabar villages, which he knew so well.

Just as we were proceeding, he suddenly ran off and left me. I turned round to my companion and said,—"I do hope, I have not done anything to offend him." My companion answered: "No, *you* have done nothing; but this street is a 'Brahmin quarter', and had he dared to enter it he would have been beaten, perhaps almost to death."

Here again, you may imagine how my heart was wrung with pain. I met the young student again, at the end of the road, and said to him; "You must enter this quarter without fear. That is the only thing to do. You should face even martyrdom,—but break this inhuman custom you must." I then asked him to come back with me and he did so.

In each instance, the evil is one and the same thing. An Indian who had settled in South Africa said to me: "Now I know that the Law of Karma is inexorable. For just as we have treated our own brothers and sisters in India by making them 'untouchables', even so we are being made pariahs and outcastes to-day."

Therefore I am afraid my message must be a stern one. I must try to tell you the truth. If you are ready to take up this problem and solve it in your own country, then indeed, you can send forth your spiritual message to the world. Then indeed you can relate your spiritual experiences to men of other lands in their new race conflicts and they will hear you. But you can never do anything at all, if your hands are tied fast with your own ropes.

Many years ago, I was in South Africa with Mahatma Gandhi, when in the very midst of his passive resistance movement, he was struggling, even through going to prison again and again, to get rid of those evils, with which his countrymen were being kept in subjection by my own race.

In the Mahatma's ashram at Phœnix, where I used to live with him, he had adopted a baby who was an untouchable. He had made this little girl his own daughter. That child of his is now in India. She is still as his own daughter. That one act of Mahatma Gandhi is worth ten thousand speeches. I know,—because I have been with him all these years,—I know how, in his heart of hearts, there is no other single cause in all the world, that he ardently desires more than the removal of untouchability from the whole of this country of India.

Very soon after my return from South Africa, I was with Rabindranath Tagore, in the Ashram at Santiniketan. I came to him one evening and found his face filled with a look of intense pain. He told me the cause. All the afternoon he had been seated with a *Namasudra* from some village in Bengal, who had told him the simple story of his own life as an outcaste and what he had to suffer. The Poet took him into his own house and kept him there many days. Meanwhile he sought in every way to find a means of providing, not merely a temporary help, but a permanent remedy for the evils from which he and his people had suffered.

I have felt this so deeply in my own heart, that wherever I meet young men, I am obliged to tell them these truths as clearly and as unflinchingly as I can, so that they may sink deep into their hearts with conviction. I have a right to do so ; for I have fought and struggled against the same evils in my own countrymen, and I have suffered for so doing. Therefore I plead with you, young men, in the name of Mahatma Gandhi and in the name of the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, to remove this great curse of untouchability from our midst, so that once more India may raise her head among the peoples of the world, as a country of the free, where moral justice is everywhere loved and cherished. That is my hope. That is my longing. That is my ideal.

Furthermore, if you ask me whether there is one place in India where this ideal can be carried out to the full, where there is not only no untouchability but also no barrier of any kind between the East and the West, I would point you to Santiniketan.

There the Poet's father, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore, had originally founded an Ashram many years ago, in which there should be no distinction whatever of race or colour or creed or sect ; and the Poet, Rabindranath Tagore, his son, has since then founded in his turn our Visva-bharati, where East and West and North and South may meet in a common and mutual fellowship of study and work, for the fulfilment of the unity of the human race.

Here, where I have spent nearly ten of the happiest years of my life, I have learnt to throw away the last shreds of race prejudice, which may have remained lurking within me, and to hold dearer than life itself this fundamental faith of the one great brotherhood of man. It is to this Ashram that I would invite you.. I would ask to come and share our work; and if your presence there is impossible, I would ask you at least to share our ideal and to associate yourselves with us in whatever way you can. Thus you will learn more and more every day to enter into the great constructive work of unity and brotherhood, which the human race in our own generation is called upon to fulfil.

III

The Parasurama Tradition and its Significance.

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1. The Ancestry of Parasurama.

The name Parasurama is not found in the *Veda,* but he is said to be the descendant of Bhrigu, whose name is well-known in Vedic literature.(1) According to the *Mahábhárata,*(2) he is the son of Yamadagni,(3) who is mentioned in the *Rigveda* as one of the mythical sages.(4) The Bhrigus

(1) Bhrigu, in the singular, refers to a son of Varuna, with the patronymic Váruni. *Vide, Aitareya-Bráhmana* III 34; *Sátapatha-Bráhmana* XI 6.1.1; *Taittiríya-Aranyaka* IX 1, etc.

Bhrigu, in the plural, refers to a priestly clan who are repeatedly alluded to as devoted to the fire cult. *Vide, Rigveda* I 58.6; 127.7; 143.4; II 4.2; III 2.4; IV 7.1. *See* also, Macdonell-Keith, Vedic Index II, p. 108.

(2) The Bombay Edition of the *Mahábhárata* is being quoted throughout.

(3) *Vide, Mahábhárata, Aranyaparvan, adhyáya* 115, v. 4; *Adiparvan, adhyáya,* 66, v. 48.

(4) In some psasages Yamadagni's name occurs in such a way as to indicate that he is the author of the hymn. *Vide, Rigveda* III 62.18; VIII 101.8; IX 62.24; 65.25. (He is also quite a frequent figure in the *Maitráyaní-Samhitá, Vájasaníyi-Samhitá, Pañcavimsa-Bráhmana, Aitareya-Brámana, Satapatha-Bráhmana, Taittiríya-Aranyaka, Brhadáranyaka-Upanisad,* etc.—*see,* Vedic Index I, p. 276.)

were a group of ancient priests. In the *Taittiríya-Samhitá* they are mentioned as priests in connection with *Agnisthápana* and similar rites.(5) That the Bhrigus also possessed the qualities of warriors, we shall see later on.

In *adhyáya* 66, vv. 42-48 of the *Adiparvan* of the *Mahábhárata*, is given a list of the ancestors of Yamadagni. Richíka is said to be Yamadagni's father, who was the son of Aurva whose father was Chyavana who was the second son of Bhrigu, the first being Sukra. But in Asvaláyana's list of the Pravara Rishis of the gotra of *Yámadagnyáh Vatsáh* the names are Bhárgava, Chyávana, Apnavána, Aurva and Yámadagni, without any mention of Richika.(6) It is to be noted that while Chyávana and Aurva are mentioned in the *Bráhmanas* as Bhrigus,(7) no mention of either Richíka or Apnavána is to be found in Vedic literature.

It may seem strange that Parasuráma has no place in Vedic literature, while his father, Yamadagni finds frequent mention from the time of the *Rigveda* onwards. A Ráma has been mentioned in the *Rigveda* (X 93. 14) but it was only the name of an ordinary man. In the *Satapatha-Bráhmana* (IV 6.1.7) another Râma is mentioned, a teacher and a descendant of Upatasvina. A third Ráma is mentioned in the *Jaiminíya-Upanishad-Bráhmana* (III 40.1, IV 16.1) a descendant of Kratujâta and also a teacher. A fourth Râma, Râma Mârgaveya (descendant of Mrigu), is mentioned in the *Aitaréya-Bráhmana* (VII 27.3). This Râma was in someway connected with a priestly family of the Syáparnas, and was learned in sacred knowledge. Once Ráma Márgaveya is said to have championed the cause of the Syáparnas against a king called Visvantara, because he had performed a sacrifice without the aid of the former, who had been officiating till then as his family priest.(8) Scholars are inclined to think that this last Râma may probably be Parasuráma.(9)

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(5) *Taittiríya-Samhita* IV 6.5.2; V 6.8.6; Vedic Index Vol. II, p. 109.

(6) *Vide,* Max Müller's History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature (Ed. 1912), pp. 195-196.

Chyavana is here (in *Asvaláyana-Sroutasútra*) mentioned as Chyávana. We shall see subsequently that in the *Rigveda* (X 61.1-3) he is called Chyavána.

(7) Chyavana is called a Bhrigu or Angírasa in the *Satapatha-Bráhmana* (IV 1.5.1) Aurva, a Bhrigu in the *Kausitaki-Bráhmana* (XXX 5); Vedic Index Vol. I, p. 265, and 129.

(8) *Aitaréya-Bráhmana* VII 27; Muir's Sanskrit Texts, part I, p. 173; Vedic Index I, p. 155.

(9) Prof. Max Müller in a note (*see,* his History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature, p. 251) remarks: "Márgaveya is a difficult name. It may be simply, as Sáyana says, the son of his mother Mrigu; but Mrigu may be a variety of Bhrigu, and thus confirm Lassen's conjecture that this Ráma is Ráma, the son of Yamadagni, of the race of Bhrigu, commonly called Parasuráma".

The ancestors of Parasuráma, who are wellknown in the *Veda*, were no doubt a class of priests. But they were also possessed of certain martial qualities, which whenever necessary they did not fail to use. Thus, in the battle of the ten Kings, the Bhrigus appeared with the Druhyus (*Rigveda* VII. 18.6).(10) Chyavána, who is said to be the son of Bhrigu, seems (in *Rigveda*, X 61. 1-3) to have been opposed to the Paktha prince, Turvayána, an Indra worshipper. In the *Jaiminíya-Bráhmana* (III. 121—128) it is related that Vidanvant, another son of Bhrigu, supported Chyávana against Indra.(11) The story of Aurva, as given in the *Mahábhárata* (*Adiparvan*, *alhyâyas* 178—180) relates that Aurva, the descendant of the Bhrigus who had been the family priests of King Kritavírya, meditated the destruction of all living creatures in revenge for the insult done to his race by the sons of Kritavírya. This only shows how well Parasuráma deserves to be counted as one of the Bhrigus.

2. Parasurama in the Epics.

In the *Mahábhárata*, *Aranyaparvan*, the story of Parasuráma is related in three *adhyáyas*, *viz.*, 115, 116, 117. The first, among these, deals with the story of Parasuráma's birth.(12) He was born as the fifth son of Yamadagni and his wife Renukâ, and as the grandson of *Richíka*, who had as his wife Satyavati, the sister of Viswámitra and the daughter of King Gádhi. The second *adhyáya* relates how Parasuráma, at his father's command, put his mother to death ; she being restored to life by his father at his request. Once, Arjuna Kártavírya, King of the Haihayas, is said to have gone to Yamadagni's hermitage, where he was respectfully received. But he requited the hostipality received by him by forcibly carrying away the calf of the sage's sacrificial cow. Râma, hearing this, went to fight with Arjuna and put him to death ; whereupon Arjuna's sons, in return, slew the sage, Yamadagni, during the absence of his son Parasuráma. The third *adhyáya* deals with the rest of the story. Parasuráma, in revenge, vowed to destroy the whole Kshatriya race ; and began by killing, first, Arjuna's sons. And then twenty-one times he swept away

(10) Also see, Vedic Index I, p. 109.
(11) *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 265.
(12) Slokas 9 to 19 of *adhyáya* 115, which deal with the part played by the devas, including Vishnu, in the birth of Parasuráma, are omitted in two Southern MSS. of the *Mahábhárata* (one Malayálam MS. belonging to the *Páliyam Family* of Jayantamangalam, Cochin State; and one Grantha MS., No. 1666 of the Mysore Library), while they are found in one Bengáli MS. No. 327 of the Viswabhárati Library, all of which I have compared with the text of the Bombay Edition. It seems to me that this passage might have been a later interpolation, brought in only to establish the divine character of Parasuráma.

the Kshatriya race from the earth, and formed five lakes of blood in *Samantapanchaka* (*Kurukshetra*), where he offerred oblation (tarpana) to his departed forefathers. He, then, performed a sacrifice to Indra, at which he gave away the whole earth to Káshyapa and other priests, and retired to mount *Mahendra.*

This is the Parasuráma-legend in the *Aranyaparvan* of the *Mahábhárata.* Five chief points may here be noted, *viz.* :

(*i*) that Arjuna Kártavírya carried away by force the calf of the sage's sacrificial cow ;

(*ii*) that Parasuráma, in anger, went and killed Arjuna ;

(*iii*) that Parasuráma formed five lakes of blood to propitiate his forefathers ;

(*iv*) that he, in a sacrifice, gave over the earth to Brâhmans;

(*v*) that Parasuráma retired to mount *Mahendra.*

It seems strange that in another version of the same legend in the *Shantiparvan, adhyáya* 49, of the *Mahábhárata*, though the main story is the same, there is hardly any mention of any of the five points noted above, except the fourth, *viz.*, that Parasuráma made a gift of the earth to the Bráhman priests. In this version, Arjuna Kártavírya is represented as a dutiful and religious monarch, who bestowed on the Bráhmans the whole of the territory he had conquered. Moreover, the theft of the sage's calf is here ascribed not to Arjuna, but to his sons, for whose crimes Arjuna had his arms cut off by Parasuráma. The destruction of the Kshatriyas for twenty-one times, by the latter is mentioned as also his gift of the whole earth to Káshyapa, as a sacrificial fee. But here we are not told anything of the lakes of blood formed by Parasuráma wherewith he propitiated his forefathers. A more curious part of this version is that which deals with the rest of Parasuráma's life.(13) Here, we are told that Káshyapa, in order that the remaining Kshatriyas might be saved, did not allow Parasuráma to remain in his realm, but sent him to the shore of the Southern Ocean. Whereupon, the waters receded, and a new land was created for Râma, called *Súrpáraka.*(14)

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(13) *Bide, Sántiparvan, adhyáya* 49, vv. 65—89.

(14) This is found both in the Southern and the Bengáli recensions of the *Mahábhárata* which I have compared; such as, for instance, the *Paliyam Family* MS of the *Sántiparvan*, the Grantha MS. No. 1666 of the Mysore Library, and one Malayálam MS. No. 1096 and two Bngáli MSS. No. 6 and 14 of the Viswabhárati Library. While all the other MSS. mention *Súrpáraka*, the Bengáli MS. No. 6 has it changed to *Súrpákara.* The tenth Nasik cave inscription of the second century A.D. calls it *Sorpáraga*; (Epigraphica Indica, Vol. VIII, p. 78).

The special feature of this version of the legend is, that both Arjuna and Parasuráma are represented as less cruel which is a distinct proof that it belongs to a later period of more advanced manners. In the first, the son of a Rishi is described as something like a blood-thirsty demon, forming five lakes of blood after the destruction of the whole Kshatriya race thrice seven times, and, what is more, propitiating his forefathers with the blood thus formed, which ascriptions are surely an outrage upon the saintly character of the Bhrigus, if not on the whole Bráhman race. It is a relief to find this minimised in the second version of the legend.

Before proceeding further, let us examine a third version of the same legend as given in the *Anushasanaparvan* of the *Mahábhárata*. The story of Arjuna is given in *adhyáyas* 152-157, where he is represented as a puissant monarch of unquestioned valour, ruling over the whole earth and recking naught of the claims to superiority of the Bráhmans. The god Váyu remonstrated with him from his place in the skies and advised him to abandon his sinful disposition, and do reverence to the Bráhmans, who, he threatened, would otherwise expel him from his kingdom. Arjuna in reply taxed the god with partiality to the Bráhmans. But Váyu, after adducing various considerations, convinced the king at length of the superior might of the Bráhmans. So far for Arjuna. The story of Parasuráma is given in *adhyáya* 84, where the story is that Parasuráma ridding the world of Kshatriyas 21 times performed a horse-sacrifice and thereby freed himself from sin and attained great glory. Nevertheless, being still troubled with qualms about the deeds he had committed, Parasuráma took further counsel from the Rishis who advised him to bestow largesse of cows, land and other riches, especially gold, the purifying power of which was very great. And after doing so he at last was finally freed from all sin.

It is practically undisputed that by the time the legend of Parasuráma and Arjuna received its third form, the Bráhmans were enjoying, or at least could definitely claim, a distinctly superior position in Hindu Society. The Kingship would seem to have become a dependency to priesthood, for we are told that even the mighty Arjuna, who had been declaring that no Bráhman was superior to him in act, thought, or word, was compelled in the end to do reverence to the Bráhmans.

In the *Bálakánda*, *adhyáyas* 74-75, of the *Ramayana*, Parasuráma is represented as a terrible figure with his matted locks and his irresistible axe and bow, unmovable like mount *Kailása* and burning like the flame of

Kálágni. Here, Parasuráma is said to have approached Ráma, the son of Dasharatha, who was on his way to *Ayodhyá* from the kingdom of Janaka, and offered him his *Vaishnava* bow which was first presented to his grandfather Richíka by Vishnu. Parasuráma, then, related his own story to Ráma, telling the latter how his father Yamadagni had been slain by Arjuna, and how he, himself, after destroying the Kshatriya race time after time, had offered the whole earth to Káshyapa as a sacrificial fee, and thereafter retired to mount *Mahendra.*

3. Parasurama in the Puranas.

In the *Vishnupurána* (book IV. ch. 11) and the *Bhágavatapurána* (book IX. ch. 15-16),(15) we find the later developments of the same legend. In the latter, we are told that Yamadagni was greatly exercised to hear of the death of King Arjuna at the hands of his son Parasuráma. The father told him that he had committed sin by slaying Arjuna, for, he said, to kill a King, who had been formally installed, was worse than to kill a Bráhman.(16) Hence he advised him to go and expiate his sin by visiting holy places, with his mind intent upon Achyuta (*Vishnu*). In both the *Visnupurána* and the *Bhágavatapurána,* Parasuráma is represented as an avatara of Visnu, an idea which does not occur anywhere in the *Mahabhárata or Rámáyana.* In the *Visnupurana* he is described as *Narayanamsa,,* and in the *Bhagavatapurana* as *Vasudevamsa.*

4. Brahmans and Kshatriyas.

This progressive development of the Parasuráma legend, must have a deeper significance than the mere change of story. What suggests itself to me is that it signifies the struggle between the two upper classes for supremacy, which terminated, at last, in the subjection of the Kshatriya race and the triumph of the Bráhmans through Parasuráma. This struggle is also seen to continue in historical times. Its can be traced back to the pre-Buddhistic period for instance, the story given in the *Aitareya-Bráhmana* (VII. 27) about Ráma Márgaveya is indicative of this same struggle for supremacy between these two classes, the priests and the fighting men. The undisputed position which till then had been occupied by the priesthood in all kinds of religious ceremonies was being questioned.

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(15) *See,* also Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Part I, pp. 160 and 171.

(16) Manu refers to the divine origin of Kings in VII. vv. 4—9.

Subsequently, when we come to the Buddhist period, we see that the sacrifices, which had all along been the source of profit and advantage to the priests, had slowly begun to lose their importance. And the nobles of the warrior class gained the upperhand. "It will sound most amazing," remarks Prof. Rhys Davids,(17) "to those familiar with Brahmin pretensions (either in modern times in India, or in priestly books such as Manu and the epics) to hear the Brahmin spoken of as "low-born". Yet that precisely is an epithet applied to them in comparison with the Kings and nobles. And it ought to open our eyes as to their relative importance in these early times."

This struggle between the priests and the nobles seems to have continued till the beginning of the Gupta period. At least, it was still acute in the second century after Christ, because up to that time we have no epigraphical records, whatsoever, to evidence that the Brahmans had the upperhand in society. Only in the second century after Christ, as Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar points out,(18) do the inscriptions begin to record grants of land to Bráhmans. In the third century there are also a few instances. From the fourth century onwards, we are told, these inscriptions are quite numerous, showing a marked rise in Bráhman influence. The Gupta Kings are then stated to have performed sacrifices and given numerous grants of land to Bráhmans, and to the temples in their charge. Before the second century A. D. back to the third century B. C. there are numerous records of gifts made by kings, princes, chiefs, as well as by merchants, artisans and others. But, not one of these is given in support of anything with which the Bráhmans had any connection. And whereas the latter inscriptions recording gifts in favour of the Bráhmans are in Sanskrit, the earlier ones with which Bráhmans had nothing to do are in a sort of Pali.

These facts lead me to surmise that the legend of Parasuráma as recorded in the *Aranyaparvan* cannot be earlier than the second century after Christ, when we find the first records as to grants of land made to Bráhmans.

5. Modern Traditions about Parasurama.

Whereas, we are told, in the *Aranyaparvan* that after the extirpation of the Kshatriya race, Parasuráma made a gift of the whole earth to

(17) See, Rhys David's Buddhist India, p. 60.
(18) See, Rhys David's Buddhist India, pp. 150—151.

Kasyapa himself retiring to Mt. Mahendra. We find in the *Santiparvan* that Kashyapa after receiving the earth from Parasuráma, did not allow the latter to remain in his realm, but sent him over to the Southern Ocean, whereupon the sea receded and a new land was created for him to live, called *Súrpáraka*. It may be of interest to note here, that a tradition is still current in the *Konkanadesh*,(19) the land of the Konkana Bráhmans, that their land was taken out of the sea by Parasuráma when Kashyapa sent him away from his own kingdom. Parasuráma, it is said, performed here a sacrifice to conduct which he had to create Bráhmans. There still exists a village in the Ratnágiri district with the name of *Srí-Parasuráma*, where there is a temple dedicated to him.(20)

Another tradition of the same type is current in *Kerala*, a long stretch of land extending from Kokarnam to Kumárin (Cape Comorin).(21) The Bráhmans of *Kerala*, called the Nambútiris, are mostly the owners of land, who trace their title to its sole ownership to the original grant by Parasuráma, the incarnation of Vishnu! According to the their own tradition these Bráhmans were brought by Parasuráma from the banks of teh Krishna and the Godavari,(22) while there is also another tradition to the effect that they were brought from *Samantapanchaka* (or *Kurukshetra*),(23) after Parasuráma offered oblation to his departed forefathers from the five lakes of the blood of the exterminated Kshatriyas.(24)

These Bráhmans might have been originally a group of colonists from the north, who first settled on the banks of the Godavari and the Krishna, and afterwards migrated through Gokarnam into *Kerala*, and farther south. Probably a branch of the same colonists might have gone along the source of the Godavari (which is not far from *Súrpáraka* or *Soppara*) to the *Konkanadesa* that lies along the Western Sea. While the Nasik cave

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(19) The *Konkana* land is situated within the limits of the Presidency of Bombay, extending from the Portuguese settlement of Goa (near Gokarnam) on the south, to the territory of Daman on the north. It may be estimated at 300 miles in length with an average breadth of about 40 miles; (Encyclopædia Britanica, Vol. XV, p. 896).

(20) I am indebted to my class-mate Mr. G. B. Bápat, B.A., himself a *Konkana* Bráhman, for kindly giving me this information.

(21) *Kerala* comprises the north and the south Kánaras, British Malabár, Cochin and Travancore.

(22) This tradition has been recorded in a Sanskrit work, that goes by the name "*Kerala-Máhátmya*," which is considred to be very sacred and which exists in manuscripts in every ancient home of *Kerala*. I have been able to go through a MS. belonging to the *Páliyam Family*, and have found the above tradition in its XI *adhyáya*.

(23) This tradition is recorded in a Malayálam work of ancient tradittons, called "*Keralotpatti*". (See, the Trichur Edition of 1086 M. E.)

(24) *Vide*, Mahabhárata, *Aranyaparvan, adhyáya* 117, vv. 9—10; *Adiparvan, adhyáya* 2, vv. 4—5.

inscriptions,(25) near *Súrpáraka,* prove that Bráhmans had settled there about the second century A. D., the inscriptions of Kákusthavarman(26) of the *Kadamba* dynasty indicate a settlement of Bráhmans south of Gokarnam somewhere about the fifth century A. D., and also the approximate time of the advent of Bráhmanism into those countries.

6. Parasurama in Mythology.

A considerable time must have elapsed before Parasuráma came to be included among the ten popular *avataras* of Vishnu. We know for certain that nowhere in the *Mahábhárata,* nor in the *Rámáyana,* is Parasuráma described as an incarnation of Vishnu. Only when we come to the time of the *Puránas* do we find Parasuráma included among the *avatáras.*

It seems curious that Parasuráma should be considered an *avatára* of Vishnu, rather than of Siva. Nowhere in the *Mahábhárata* or in the *Rámáyana,* not even in the *Visnupurána* or in the *Bhagavatapurana* are we told that Parasuráma was a devotee of Náráyana or Vásudeva, while we find in almost all the versions of the legend dealing with him some passage or other reperring to his connection with Siva or Mahadeva. In the *Sántiparvan,* for instance (see *adhyáya* 49. v. 33), Parasuráma is said to have propitiated Mahádeva and obtained, among other things, the irresistible axe (*parasu*), from which his name is derived. In the *Karnaparvan* (*adhyáya* 34. vv. 128—154) there is a long passage relating how Parasuráma served Mahádeva in order to obtain divine weapons from him. Parasuráma's dreadful wrath provoked at the breaking of Síva's *dhanus* (bow) by Rámachandra, is described in the *Rámáyana* (*Balakanda, adhyáya* 74). In the *Keralamáhátmya,* again, we have a story which speaks of the connection of Parasuráma with Mahádeva.(27) Here, we are told that Parasuráma, after depriving himself of all the earth by presenting it to the Bráhmans, retired to mount Kailása, and propitiated Síva in order to procure from him a land to live in. Síva, pleased with his devotion, sent his own son Kumára to his help, in order to induce the ocean to cede a portion of land to Ráma. They both went over to the Southern region (*daksinám disam*), and after a great struggle managed to extort a strip, of land from Varuna on the west-coast, extending from Kumárin to Gokarnam. In the tenth *adhyáya* of the *Máhátmya* it is related, how

(25) *Vide,* Epigraphica Indica, Vol. VIII, p. 78.
(26) *Vide,* Epigraphica Indica, Vol. VIII, p. 32.
(27) The story given below is narrated in the 5th, 6th and the 7th adhyáyas of the *Keralamáhátmya.*

Parasuráma erected a temple at Gokarnam dedicated to Mahádeva. These stories show that Parasuráma was devoted almost exclusively to Síva and not to Vishnu. Moreover his repeated extermination of the Kshatriyas is more in line with the activities of Mahádeva, the destroyer (*Samháraka*)!

Mr. Náráyana Aiyangár of Mysore, the author of "Essays on Indo-Aryan Mythology," (part II p. 351) points out several points of similarity between the stories about Agni's son Kumára or Skanda and those about Yamadagni's son Ráma. He says (pp. 372-373) that "phenomenally Parasuráma was *Chandrasúrya,* who killed the moon and the stars with his superior light," and that "the Kshatriyas killed by Ráma were only the Na-Kshatras". And, further, "the enemy slain by Kumára being Asura Mahisha according to one account and Táraka according to another, Arjuna, who was put to death by Ráma must have been the moon, the lord of stars, and his capital was called *Máhishmati*". This does not seem to me very plausible. Kumára or Skanda, with his six heads and twelve arms, born of the wives the seven Rishis in adultery with Agni, appears to be more of a mythological character, while Parasuráma is but the son of a hermit, born in wedlock. Moreover, while Kumára is represented to have fought only once with the demon Mahisha, with the help of a large retinue of *Kumáras* and *Kumáris,* Parasuráma battled singlehanded with his irresistible weapons to root out an entire race.

7. The Modern cult of Parasurama.

However, there is no doubt that Parasuráma is now believed to be the sixth incarnation of Vishnu. I have already mentioned that in *Kerala* the Bráhmans worship Parasuráma, and are specially devoted to him. On a particular day in the month of January or February, the Nambútiri Bráhmans, one and all, observe the *Parasuráma-Jayanti* celebration. There are other places too, in India, where Parasuráma is worshipped, in diverse ways. In Assam, on the eastern border of Lakshimpur district, there is a pool in the Brahmaputra river known by the name of *Brahmakund.* This pool has been formed at a spot where the river emerges from the mountains, and is flanked on both sides by hills. Parasuráma is said to have surrendered at this pool the axe with which he destroyed the Kshatriyas, and it is in consequence visited by Hindu pilgrims from every part of India.(28)

(28) Imperial Gazetteer of India, Vol. IX, p. 8.

Kundian is a village in the state of Udaipur, in Rájaputána, situated about 50 miles north-east of the city. Here are many temples, and a pool there called *Mátri-Kundian* is celebrated as the place where the sins of Parasuráma were washed away on his bathing in its waters. A fair, lasting for three days, is held in May and is largely attended by pilgrims who bathe in the pool.(29)

There is a sacred pool at Gokarnam, said to have been dedicated by Parasuráma to Siva. Another pool in Kumárin, attributed to Kumára son of Siva, is considered very sacred, by bathing in which according to the *Keralamáhátmya,* Parasuráma had to purify himself before he could make the request to Varuna to yield up a portion of land.

Near the Kangra district, in the Panjab, there stands a temple dedicated to Parasuráma, in which was deposited a copper-plate deed of grant in Sanskrit (probably of A. D. 612-613), recording the assignment of the village to Bráhmans studying the *Atharvaveda.*(30)

Again, in an old village in the Bijapur district, Bombay, there is an axe-shaped rock on the river-bank in commemoration of Parasuráma, who is said to have washed his axe on the spot after his destruction of the Kshatriya race. On a rock in the river Parasuráma's foot-prints are shown. Near by is a five old temple of *Ramling.*(31)

In a village, in the native state of Mysore, there is a temple to *Parasu,* the irresistible axe of Parasuráma. The ancient name of the village is said to be *Bhárgavapura.*(32)

8. Conclusion.

To recapitulate before concluding:

Firstly, we find that the name Parasuráma is not mentioned in the Veda, but some are inclined to identity him with Ráma-Márgaveya, the descendant of Mrigu.

Secondly, the story of Parasuráma as given in the *Aranyaparvan* of the *Mahábhárata* differs considerably from that of the *Sántiparvan,* the only reason that may be adduced being the interval of probably not less than a century between the two legends.

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(29) Imperial Gazetteer of India, Vol. XVI, p. 26.
(30) Imperial Gazetteer of India, Vol. XIX, p. 124.
(31) Imperial Gazetteer of India, Vol. V, p. 129.
(32) Imperial Gazetteer of India, Vol. XIII, p. 148.

Thirdly, the two points which are practically common to all the versions of the Parasuráma legend are (*i*) that Parasuráma exterminated the Kshatriyas ; and (*ii*) that after ridding the earth of them he offered the whole of it to the Bráhmans.

This points to the strained relationship which once existed between the two upper classes ; and which at last terminated in the acknowledgement of the Brahman supremacy by the Kshatriyas, whereby was brought to an end a prolonged struggle between the priests and the nobles,—a struggle that can be traced back historically even to pre-Buddistic times.

Fourthly, for this reason, and by reason of the epigraphical evidence as to grants of land to Bráhmans, the time of the first version of the legend, as recorded in the *Aranyaparvan*, may be put at about the end of the second century after Christ, the two others consecutively coming considerably later.

Fifthly, the land of *Súrpáraka,* which, according to the *Sántiparvan,* was the last retreat of Parasuráma, may be identified with the modern Soppára in the Bombay presidency, and which may also be considered at least as old as, probably older than,(33) the Nasik cave inscriptions of the second century A. D., where it is mentioned as *Sorpáraga*.

Sixthly, and lastly, we have seen that **Parasurama** was originally in no way connected with Vishnu, but has always been described as a great devotee of Siva; but, lately he came to be included among the popular avataras of Vishnu and is still worshipped as such by Vaishnavites.

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(33) The author of the Periplus of the Erythræan Sea, who came to India in the second or the third century after Christ, mentions Suppára as a market-town on the west-coast; (see Schoff's English Translation of 1912, p. 43). It is said to have been the capital of the *Konkana* as early as 500 B.C. According to Buddhist writers, Gautama Buddha, in one of his former births, was a Bodhisattva of Soppára. Jain writers make frequent mention of Soppára; (see, Imperial Gazetteer of India, Vol. XXIII, p. 87).

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